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NEW STATESMAN

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Black Propaganda

It is possible to perceive whether a Labour administration has acted acutely by watching to see from which quarters the resulting howls of anguish emanate. When a triumvirate of the *Express*, the *Sun* and Sir John Methven denounce the new twist in the Government's pay policy as the tactics of a Mussolini this is the right kind of blood to draw. It is particularly hard to have much sympathy for the CBI since they seem to want it both ways. They simply cannot, on the one hand, produce sanctimonious reviews of the trends in pay settlements, sucking their teeth at excessive wage claims; and then, on the other, carp when a government actually tries to do something to keep them under control. It was, after all, the CBI that clamoured for the Government to dismantle effective price controls, presumably on the understanding that business was resolute enough to keep the level of pay settlements and hence prices down.

There is certainly nothing illegal, as the CBI pretends, in the Government extending its pay policy to companies with which it has contracts. It has been part of American policy for a number of years. Our own blacklists are not merely legal, they have an element of simple justice in them. In year after year, particularly under the Heath government, it has been the public sector and rarely the private that has had to face the hard end of any pay policy. A government, given the possibility of abuse, may not always have the right to do business with whomsoever it chooses but neither is it obliged to subsidise firms which undermine a central pillar of its policy. It is not as though private industry balks at any form of government interference in its finances. The Department of Industry between 1976 and 1977 gave out £1,094m. to industry through regional grants, selective assistance and other aid. Over and above that, of course, industry is paying very low rates of tax. The Treasury themselves admitted in a recent Economic Progress Report that 'over recent years, although the nominal rate of corporation tax stands at 52 per cent, the residual mainstream corporation tax can be nil'. One hears a lot less whining over that kind of meddling.

Nevertheless, good incomes policies must be part of a larger strategic economic plan. The Treasury's latest tactic is merely another finger in the dyke. Its implementation and its effect is bound to be haphazard. Too much depends on overworked ministries; main contractors may be penalised when they themselves are abiding by the 10 per cent but one of their sub-contractors is not; some companies, like Ford, are too powerful to contradict, while some workers, like the farmworkers, are too underpaid to deny. When one considers that private sector pay settlements are now averaging nearer 17 than 10 per cent it is quite clear that the blacklist, since its inception against James Mackie of Belfast, has failed to have any uniform impact. Inflation may be down to 10 per cent in the next month but by autumn and the polling booths it will undoubtedly be climbing again. That may explain the urgency of the Government's threat of sanctions but it does not hide the fact that all over Europe a combination of unemployment and half-cocked pay pauses has failed to conquer inflation.

Quite naturally, then, Labour ministers are eager to devise a more permanent economic policy than the one they have presently stumbled into. But it is unfortunate that these ministers can only instinctively think in terms of a more grandiose Stage Four whereby the corporate state gathers at the NEDC once a year and allocates a sum for pay rises. The socialist obsession should not be wage restraint. It should be, as the Government's own Industry White Paper told us, 'to secure where necessary large-scale sustained investment to offset the effects of the short-term market forces'. That target was abandoned because the CBI could not be persuaded to sign planning agreements voluntarily. For two years the Left have argued that the Government should therefore selectively withdraw aid from companies that would not sign such agreements. They were told that it was technically impossible. It is indeed ironic that this same *dirigiste* tactic should now become acceptable in government circles – but, alas, only in the ultimate context of keeping down the living standards of its own constituents.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

The Wilson Season

Somebody somewhere appears to have declared an open season on Sir Harold Wilson. Okay, but don't let's get carried away. Don't let's be absolutely uncritical of for instance Saint James Margach (if only Wilson had knighted him, he might have kept his trap shut) when he joins in:

> Suppression is an ugly word, but coming mighty close to it was the pressure exerted on proprietors and editors to remove uncongenial journalists from Westminster. Wilson appeared to see it as a legitimate exercise of power. Never once did it strike him that his conduct was irresponsible and unforgivable. I simply add that I derive no pleasure from setting out the sordid facts . . .

Oh yeah? It is certainly true that during his working life Margach derived no pleasure from setting out the sordid facts. Had he done so, we may be quite sure that there would have been fewer of those weekends in Chequers, where our Jimmy was able to observe all this irresponsibility. What were the unforgivable things that Wilson said to Roy Thomson, when asked for his opinion as to what to do with *The Times*? Well, he said that David Wood should be given a golden handshake. *He didn't.* Yes he did – honest he did. And he said that Charles Douglas-Home was n.b.g. Tut, tut.

Not content with this abuse of power, Wilson went on to describe 'one honoured senior correspondent' (Margach's phrase) as 'over the hill, past it, tippling too much'. To tell the truth, I don't think I have ever met an honoured senior correspondent who didn't fit this description exactly, so it is difficult to tell who is being spoken about. Of another correspondent, Wilson said:

> He doesn't understand politics, he's just a shorthand writer. Anything anybody says to him is transcribed for straight reporting; he never goes behind the scenes to see Ministers to discover what's going on. He's just a shorthand slave, not a political writer.

Again, of course, this description is so general that it is hard to see the libel. But Margach was shocked. The Lobby was under attack! Naturally,

> I did my best to defend my colleagues against such highly personalised attacks – a difficult exercise when one is a guest at Chequers and instinctive good manners require one not to become involved in argument with one's host. Next morning I had the satisfaction of a personal call from my editor, Denis Hamilton, complimenting me on my firm defiance while observing dignity and respect to my host.

So you see – at least somebody emerges from the story with his integrity, and his job, intact.

There is something very Scottish about this kind of self-righteousness. The Lobby is full of it – a sense of the dignity of the calling and the inadmissibility of outside criticism. It seems to Margach appalling that a member of the group should be accused of bias, vindictiveness or incompetence. Naturally to a more detached observer it seems perfectly fair that such criticisms should be thrown around. To Margach, Nora Beloff is 'the most experienced doyenne of journalists'. To Wilson, she was a bloody menace. But Wilson was not alone in this view. I vividly recall Crossman's attitude, which was identical, and the action of a senior *Observer* colleague who shopped her to *Private Eye*, and indeed the ensuing court case, as a result of which she managed to establish, while losing her action, an extremely unhelpful precedent in copyright. On the whole, I would agree with the Wilson version.

Of course the idea of Nora Beloff being followed by Wilson's personal sleuths (as put forward in the *Sunday Times* this week, in their extract from Margach's forthcoming book) does seem far-fetched. But the notion that the Wilson camp should be particularly on their guard against the *Observer*'s political correspondent does not strike one as odd at all. David Astor refers to Beloff's columns as 'perfectly straightforward political commentary'. The rest of us remember them as highly tendentious efforts to promote the Jenkins cause whenever possible.

Wilson was sensitive to the role the *Observer* was playing in attempting to promote Roy Jenkins from their book pages to the leadership of the Labour Party. As he wrote privately to Astor in 1972: 'The *Observer* is, of course, free to pursue its campaign on behalf of its favoured candidate for the leadership of the Labour Party, an organisation whose political advancement has not always been the cherished objective of your newspaper.' He referred to the 'extreme lengths' to which the paper had gone in its attitude 'towards the leadership of the party to which I was again recently elected unopposed'. He went on:

> There are suggestions that this attitude derives from events which took place considerably before my premiership . . . How far this latest exercise represents an attempt to revive scabrous rumours of several years ago, which, when made articulate in a foreign newspaper led to libel damages running into five figures, it is impossible to say. Were this the motive it would represent a new low in British journalism, equalled only by the cowardice by which legal action was avoided . . . No smoke without fire, gossip and rumour; the prerogative of private eyes through the ages.

What had got up Wilson's nose on this occasion was a suggestion that the soon-to-be-published Wigg memoirs would show that the influence of Marcia Williams had extended to policy-making, and had frustrated the implementation of conference decisions. It was an odd argument on the *Observer*'s lips, Wilson thought. When had the *Observer* supported conference decisions against cabinet determinations? And in which cases was this influence supposed to have been wielded? Prescription charges in 1968 had arisen from the Chancellor's insistence. Over Vietnam, Michael Stewart and George Brown 'hardly needed a friend at court' in deciding their policy; nor did Stewart 'stand in need of a female Rasputin to persuade him to resist party pressures on Biafra'. On all these matters Marcia was in tune with party decisions.

The extreme testiness of Wilson in the face of any criticism of Marcia, and the extreme protectiveness of Marcia when it came to Wilson, were political facts of life with which Westminster politicians and journalists were well acquainted. The public have only more recently become aware of such matters. What has happened over the last two years is not so much a question of new revelations. It is that the habit of reverence for Wilson's grey hairs has died out – died, one suspects, for want of patronage.

Meanwhile, although the *Sunday Times* has joined in the open season on Wilson, it continues to view Jeremy Thorpe as a protected species. The paper's reaction last week (an article by David May) was to treat the newly-published *Pencourt File* as a tasteless and unnecessary act of persecution. It is true that the book is badly written and amateurishly presented. But the story it contains is not so easily to be dismissed, certainly by the *Sunday Times*, who have yet to update their own early, and highly misleading, account of the affair. In David May's view, the main theme of the book is the continuing attempt by Norman Scott to disgrace Thorpe. In fact, the main themes of the book are, first, the unsuccesful attempt by Wilson to put the blame on South African interests and, secondly, the unsolved question of who was persecuting Scott. That Scott was being persecuted, to the point of attempted murder, seems now to be established beyond doubt. That Scott was a blackmailer has been often asserted, but never in the slightest degree proved. At all events, it is a crime to kill, or conspire to kill, blackmailers, as the judge pointed out at Newton's trial. The *Sunday Times* seems remarkably uncurious about this affair, or at least its editor does. No doubt a decade or so hence he will find time and a Review front to tell us the inside story.

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Bernard D. Nossiter*

Italy, Communists and the US

On the eve of the Italian election in 1976, Henry Kissinger met in Stockholm with Olof Palme, then the Swedish Prime Minister. According to one of the participants, a key piece of their rapid-fire dialogue went roughly like this:

PALME: Wouldn't you agree that stability in Italy depends on bringing workers into governmental decision-making? If this is so, can the Communists – for better or worse the authentic political voice of Italian workers – be excluded forever?

KISSINGER: Ah, but yours are parochial concerns. I have global responsibilities.

This lofty view of Mediterranean politics, this lack of interest in little local details, has frequently obscured US understanding in the region and sometimes led to the very results Washington wanted to avoid. And the tactic of the Carter Administration, speaking out publicly and strongly against Communists in a new Italian government, could backfire again. This, at least, is the view of some staunch Italian conservatives, prominent men on whom Washington has beamed approvingly for years. At the very least, the Carter intervention has weakened the Enrico Berlinguers who claim to seek a position independent of Moscow and strengthened the more traditional communist leaders like Luigi Longo who has plainly said of Eurocommunism 'I don't like it . . . It is a newspaper formula, a synthetic and distorting formula.'

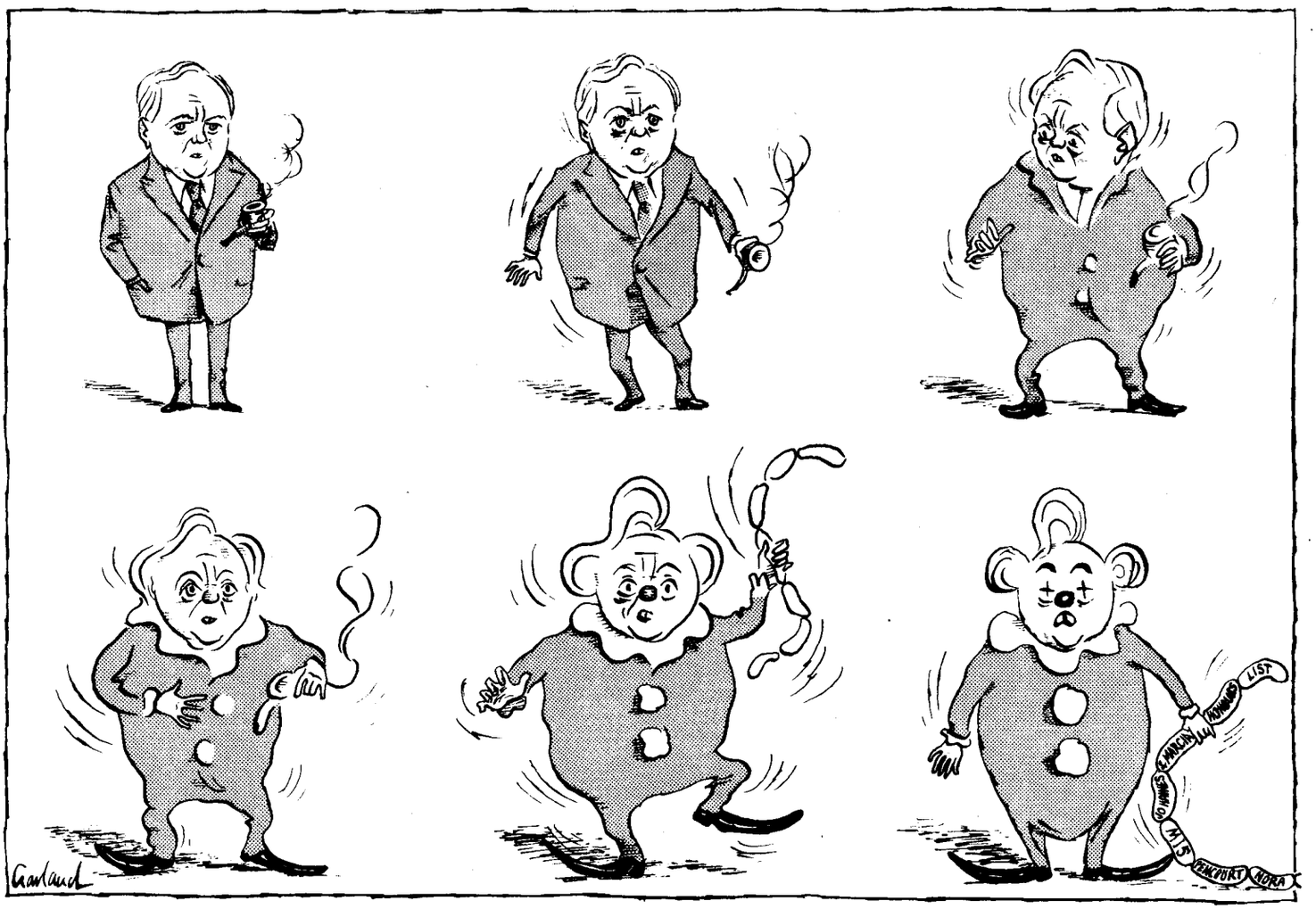
Italy's recent political drama is only one of at least four interlocked crises. It was brought on by the inability of the ruling Christian Democrats to deal successfully with the most profound – the stagflation gripping the entire industrialised world to a greater or lesser degree. In fact, the Andreotti government, like Callaghan's but without the aid of oil, had made heroic strides in converting Italy's balance of payments from red ink to black, in bringing down an awesome inflation rate from 22 to 16 per cent and in strengthening the lira – itself a force for curbing inflation as Britons are learning from a rising pound. To do this, of course, the unions had to cooperate in restraining wages. They are largely communist-led and they did. One of the profounder shocks awaiting a journalist in Rome is to hear Giorgio Napolitano, the Party's politburo man for the unions, speak of the need for 'zero wage increases in real terms this year'. No wonder that Aurelio Peccei, a distinguished international management consultant, pro-Western to his fingertips, says: 'We are lucky to have this kind of Communist Party.'

But the restrained demand needed for this task necessarily increased unemployment. So workers demonstrated, and a reluctant Party leadership was compelled to withdraw its support from Andreotti. The communist leaders don't like to admit they were pushed but they do acknowledge that they did not seek the political crisis they precipitated.

How Washington expects the Christian Democrats to cope with a still dangerous inflation and fragile currency without the help of Communists neither the State Department nor its man in Rome, Richard Gardner, has yet explained.

The third crisis, the parasitic clientele built by the Christian Democrats since the war and now paralysing much of public life, is also unlikely to be solved without communist help – at least in the eyes of intelligent Italian conservatives. Bruno Trentin of CGIL, the Italian Communist TUC, fumes about villages in Southern Italy where 100 spurious invalids draw pensions for every one genuine old-age pensioner. Men supposedly disabled with blindness drive coaches; others play in their town football team. The 'clientele state' extends to industry, government agencies and much more. Thoughtful conservatives, pointing to the relatively clean communist administration in Bologna and other towns, doubt there is much chance of change without some further evolution in the 'historic compromise'.

Bernard D. Nossiter is London correspondent of the Washington Post.



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The fourth great crisis, of course, is the shootings, killings and bombings staged almost daily by an estimated 5,000 anarchical fanatics. Both the Interior Minister for the Christian Democrats, Francesco Cossiga, and the Party's 'shadow minister', Ugo Pecciolio, estimate that four out of five are 'Red Terrorists' and the rest neo-Fascist 'Black Terrorists'. The fact that they use identical numbers, make a parallel analysis of causes, is a demonstration of how closely they have been cooperating. Indeed, terrorist graffiti in Germany sometimes actually link their names together on paint-splattered walls.

But these are 'parochial concerns' for Washington – though Washington has a few parochial concerns of its own and they played no small part in the decision to recall Ambassador Gardner and issue the edict of excommunication. As Administration figures point out, there are 25 million Americans of Italian descent and they are a staunchly anti-communist lot. Before and after the decision, Gardner is known to have consulted Senator Edward Brooke (R-Mass) whose state contains many; Representative Peter Rodino (D-New Jersey), a spokesman for this important ethnic group; and Senator Frank Church (D-Idaho) of the Foreign Relations Committee. All three are understood to have urged the Administration to speak out forcefully against Communists in government.

Gardner never sees Italian Communists except for elected officials at formal functions. That task is delegated to a first secretary. But he does see, and is impressed by, some energetic young Christian Democrats like Massimo de Carolis. These are thrusting, eager men in their 30s and 40s who fear that a further development of the 'historic compromise' will cement the older Christian Democratic leadership in power for another generation. Apart from their own ambition, they believe that no compromise is possible, that any concession to Communists must lead to a communist takeover. Therefore they urge confrontation and, to break the Party's hold on workers, encouragement for rival 'autonomous' unions like those that are now breaking what wage restraint exists.

Gardner and these younger Christian Democrats could be right. The party of Enrico Berlinguer could, after all, be just another Czechoslovakian Communist Party before 1948. But the record of US diplomacy in the Mediterranean is so dismal there is no reason to have confidence in Washington's judgment now. In Greece, the failure to distinguish between the Papandreou's and the enemy led Washington to encourage the destruction of a democratic regime and its replacement by the colonels. In time, the colonels blew themselves up over Cyprus, both Turkey and Greece – Nato's famous southern flank – became disenchanted with the US, and Andreas Papandreou emerged as head of the second party in Greece and a rabid anti-American.

In Portugal, a wiser embassy restrained Henry Kissinger from rash adventure when Lisbon began giving off leftish odours in the summer of 1975. But even there, the best US political intelligence did not know until it happened that the Communists would bring down Soares's government nor that Soares would re-emerge with a few conservatives in his cabinet. Both prospects were plainly discernible in advance to a reasonably conscientious reporter. Some newsmen wrote as much at the time.

In Italy the US has been luckier than it deserved. It begins to look as if the Italians have shrugged off Washington's crucial influence at the International Monetary Fund and arrived at a decision that ignores Washington's political advice.

Nobody, least of all the communist leaders, expected Communists to enter the next Christian Democratic cabinet. (The one after may be different.) But it is hard to find thoughtful Italians – left, right and centre – who believe that the inter-locked crises can be solved without giving working-class representatives an increasingly greater voice in the machinery of decisions. It was this view that Palme tried, so unsuccessfully, to transmit to Kissinger.

Roger Omond

Vorster Turns the Screw

The next chapter in South Africa's book of repression will be headed Piscom – Parliamentary Internal Security Commission. Due to be set up within the next few months as soon as the Cillie Commission on the Soweto riots has reported to Parliament, the unfortunately named Piscom will be a homegrown version of McCarthyism. If recent history is anything to go by, the late Senator from Wisconsin will rank as a bumbling amateur in rooting out 'subversives' from under the bed.

Piscom's history dates back to 1972 when Prime Minister Vorster wanted the dirt on the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS), the University Christian Movement (now defunct) and the Christian Institute (now banned). The Schlebusch Commission, as it became known, did its job faithfully: seven NUSAS leaders (including Dr Rick Turner, who was murdered earlier this year) were banned and NUSAS and the CI barred from receiving funds from overseas. The Commission also recommended the establishment of a permanent security watchdog committee. But the plans for its establishment have been long delayed – until this year. The problem was that the Opposition United Party members of Schlebusch had signed the recommendation calling for urgent action against the NUSAS leadership, giving the Government a blank cheque to ban them. This caused such an uproar that the UP got cold feet and, as Vorster wanted a semblance of bipartisanship, Piscom was shelved.

Now the UP is no more. Its offshoot, the New Republic Party, has indicated it may no longer feel bound not to serve on the commission and the right-wing South African Party (a splinter group from the UP) is only too willing to help the Government. Only the Progressive Federal Party is refusing to sit on Piscom, but this won't worry Vorster too much: the PFP could be a target of investigation itself in a couple of years.

One reason for establishing Piscom could well be backbench National Party pressure. Five of the nine Nationalists who served on the commission at one time or another received promotion. One UP member became so enraptured with the taste of power that he switched to the Nationalists and became a cabinet minister, joining four other Schlebushniks (as Mrs Helen Suzman nicknamed them) at the top table. Backbenchers would be less than human if they did not see the way to power via Schlebusch Mark II. Opposition reluctance to join Piscom was certainly heightened by the fate of their commissioners: all of them have suffered a marked decline in fortunes (except Marais Steyn, of course, who joined the Nationalists).

Vorster's strategy when Schlebusch was sitting appeared to be to seduce the UP painlessly into awaiting Nationalist arms. It failed – not least because the Opposition press tumbled to Vorster's game and because the UP underrated the public's disquiet at their tacit support of banning without trial. But that's a long time ago now. Schlebusch has become a non-controversial Minister of Public Works, the banned students are forgotten and the Government

Roger Woddis

On the Cards

'I sometimes wonder whether the Eurocommunists might not find Labour's National Executive Committee a bit too left-wing for their taste.' – Mrs Thatcher.

Madame Ferrocyanide, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold,
Nevertheless is known to be
The cleverest woman in Europe,
With a wily pack of cards.
Here, says she, is your card,
The warned October voter.
Here is the big man who springs the trap,
Baited with bread and public spending,
And here is his pop-eyed lieutenant
With two left feet.
(Better fifty years of Berlinguer
Than half-an-hour of Benn).
Fear death by the Horrible Hefferlump.
I see crowds of lost and lonely people,
Looking for someone to kick.
I see a dark stranger,
Black as the ace of spades,
Who will do nicely.
Thank you. If you see dear Mr Powell,
Tell him to hang about.
I may need him.
One can't be too fussy these days.

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wants a succession of security circuses to keep the Right in line.

What will Piscom do? It will have unlimited powers to investigate matters which 'in the opinion of the State President' affect internal security. It will also investigate existing and contemplated security legislation and administrative procedures affecting internal security. Not a hopeful start, although the likely head of Piscom, Nationalist MP Hendrik van der Walt, says it could 'prevent cases like the Biko affair'. Just how has not been spelled out. But another Biko affair can only be prevented if detention without trial is abolished and the Special Branch tamed; that is not going to happen.

Although Piscom or Police Minister Kruger may introduce a couple of 'safeguards' for detainees, there is a more sinister interpretation of preventing another 'Biko affair'. The ruling party's Justice Group has recommended that the Government bar overseas funds from being used in 'political' cases, just as Schlebusch urged that foreign funding of the NUSAS and the Christian Institute be cut off. If Piscom or Kruger follow the Justice Group's recommendation (and there is no reason to believe they will not), the right of accused to the best available legal help will be curtailed severely. During and after the Biko inquest there was widespread Nationalist suspicion that some suspicious leftist-liberals overseas were footing the bill to enable the story of Biko's last days to be dragged out in court. Cut off the funds, the argument runs, and everything can be swept under the carpet.

One of Piscom's targets will be the South African Council of Churches (which in fact paid the legal bill for the Biko inquest). Another will be the Dependants' Conference which helps political prisoners and their families. Also due for secret grilling by the ten Piscom MPs will be Vorster's old foe, NUSAS. And then it will be the Institute of Race Relations, a middle-of-the-road organisation if there ever was one, and its slightly more militant Youth Programme funded by German and Swedish churches. Why these organisations? Well, just about everything else has been banned and as white South Africa's political debate is narrowed, 'liberalists' (as the Nationalists call anyone to their Left) become steadily more 'red'. After that – well, that leaves only KwaZulu's Inkatha movement which is linking up with Coloured and Indian groups in a bid to fill the vacuum left by the banning of the Black Consciousness organisations. If Piscom gives the thumbs-down to all those, only the Progressive Reform Party remains in the way.

And, of course, the press. But with one editor detained, his newspaper banned, another editor banned and forced to flee the country and the Government again making threatening noises against the English press, Piscom might find that target already cowed and beaten by legislation. The combination of Piscom, Nationalist fear of dissent and Police Minister Kruger (who survived the Biko affair unscathed in last month's cabinet reshuffle) will be hard to beat if you're after absolute authoritarianism. There's no reason to believe the Government wants anything else.

East London

Ian Black

Commanders of the Faithful

The tentative peace process in the Middle East, already shaken to its insecure foundations by mutual suspicion, stubbornness, and the complexities of regional rivalries and global pressures, suffered another setback recently when Israel's Gush Emunim movement (bloc of the faithful) flung it back over 3,000 years into the past to founder on a heap of forgotten ruins in the heart of the occupied West Bank.

Shiloh, famous in biblical times as the Canaanite town where the Tabernacle and Ark were installed after the Israelite conquest, last hit the headlines in the late 1920s when it was comprehensively excavated by a team of Danish archaeologists, and, except for the self-appointed guardians of the land of Israel, nobody has expressed any interest in it since.

In a country where historiography is often hagiography and the politicisation of the past something akin to a national hobby, Gush Emunim have proved themselves particularly adept at shrouding the uncertainties of the future in the mists of time. The settlement at Shiloh, which evoked an angry response from President Carter, and further undermined the credibility of any Israeli commitment to substantial concessions, has provoked a minor crisis and led to mutual recriminations between the various ministries which claim or disclaim responsibility for the actions of the settlers.

Since it was founded in 1974, when many Israelis were traumatised by the dangers inherent in what they called Arab 'salami tactics', Gush Emunim has not only turned the future of the West Bank into a political issue of supreme importance, but also placed the barren hills of Judea and Samaria in the centre of the messianic process in whose fulfilment they so fervently believe. The movement's spiritual mentor, the octogenarian Rabbi Evi Yehuda Kook, who invested the archaeological dig at Shiloh with a peculiar permanence when he laid the foundation stone for a new city, believes in the messianic nature of the Zionist movement and the absolute and inviolable right of the Jewish people to the whole of the land of Israel. This interpretation of the Jewish State is not a new one, but the frightening and dangerous innovation of these latter day Commanders of the Faithful is their extreme attachment to the idea that borders and settlement are religious injunctions.

Gush Emunim first achieved prominence in 1975 when it organised mass demonstrations against Kissinger and accused him of a betrayal of 'Jewish' values. The fact that the American Secretary of State had been recently married to a Gentile was produced as total proof of his treachery. Clashes with the army and the forced evacuation of settlers from unauthorised sites on the West Bank under the Labour government gave the movement further publicity. Not everyone, though, took them seriously. When Gush Emunim supporters declared a hunger strike and camped out with their children opposite the Prime Minister's office, counter-demonstrators tucked into a hearty picnic across the road.

Theirs is an honest, fresh-faced fanaticism, but with their near-pagan worship of the land and absolute conviction of the justice of their cause, their undeniable enthusiasm is not of the kind that is infectious. Rational discussion with them on the question of Jewish rights in the occupied territories is about as fruitful as debating the existence of the Holy Trinity with a Jesuit. The movement's 2-3,000 supporters (there is no formal membership) see themselves as idealists forced by circumstances to leave the higher spiritual realm in which they would prefer to dwell to enter politics.

They have, nevertheless, considerable influence on certain elements in the ruling Likud coalition, notably on the National Religious Party. To the intense concern of secularists and rationalists the Education Minister, Zevulun Hammer, is one of their most ardent supporters – as is hawkish Minister of Agriculture Arik Sharon. Cut off from his 'natural' power base in the army, where he made his name as a paratroop officer, Sharon is now chairman of a ministerial committee on settlements. As such, he has been much criticised for his outspoken defence of the Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria; and it is no coincidence that it is his Ministry, together with Hammer's Education Ministry (responsible for archaeological affairs) that has clashed with Defence Minister Ezer Weizmann – every Egyptian's favourite Israeli – over the artful archaeologists of Shiloh.

It is only fair, though, to point out that the settlers do not consider themselves guilty of any subterfuge and they are entirely sincere in their intention of staying put, however much of an embarrassment they are to the Government. Prime Minister Begin is in full sympathy with the movement's attachment to the heart of the land of Israel and one of his first public statements after taking office last May was to promise the creation of many more Jewish settlements on the West Bank. As an elder statesman, though, he is disconcerted by their youthful enthusiasm and blatant disregard for the niceties of parliamentary government and has rebuked them several times recently.

Although a stern warning from the Ministry of Defence to the settlers of Shiloh to restrict themselves to digging seems to herald a new and tougher approach to the movement, the settlers have proved themselves successful in the past in turning ministerial rivalries to their advantage. Certainly their stand on the Palestinian question is clear and unequivocal. In a recent statement they declared that the land of

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Israel 'is the only home of the Jewish people and there is no room in it for any other national entity.' Their solution? 'Those who wish to live in an Arab national entity can find their place with the great Arab nation in states in Asia and Africa.' Not only do the settlers not see their moves as endangering chances of a peace settlement but they also argue that the Arabs can prove their good intentions by welcoming further Jewish settlements on the West Bank.

The Bible tells that it was from Givon – a new Gush Emunim settlement founded last December north of Jerusalem – that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still over the valley of Ayalon. Unless the doubtful diggers of Shiloh are forcibly restrained by the Israeli Government they may have a similar effect on the fragile moves being made towards any permanent peace in the region.

Jerusalem

Phillip Whitehead

A Village in the Deccan

In Delhi you read only of the commissions which are picking at the whitening bones of the Indira Gandhi regime. The Shah Commission, the Gupta Commission investigating Sanjay's Maruti, the Grover Commission delving into the scandals surrounding a powerful Congress boss; the Indian judiciary is intent on winning its battle honours, now the Emergency is over. The blowlamp of inquiry and the magnet of power reach into every corner of India, even into those areas of the South where Mrs Gandhi actually improved her vote in the 1977 election. By splitting the Congress afresh, it is said, she has put even this stronghold at risk.

This month there will be state elections in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh. In Karnataka there is now President's rule, the former Chief Minister having been found guilty of corruption by the Grover Commission. In preparation for the elections Morarji Desai has been down to Bangalore, and in that elegant city, the state capital, you can almost hear the soft swish of politicians changing sides. Old Congress hands who joined the Janata Front in good time are nervously advising its cadres to beware of parasites and careerists. 'Indira is the cancer of India' say the graffiti on the walls of Bangalore. There is an embarrassed wish that she would somehow just go away. But she will not, and the curious coalition she welded – the slogans against poverty and the support of the landed – is not quite finished yet.

Our host in Bangalore was not a man for slogans, either those of Mrs Gandhi or her Congress rival Mr Brahmanandra Reddi – or, indeed, those of Janata. He had just come back from two months of relief work in Andhra Pradesh, with a blistering contempt for the way in which local and national politicians had tried to shrug off responsibility on each other, with one eye on the 25 February elections. They had flown over in their helicopters whilst the relief agencies picked their way amongst the decomposing men and animals, in the drowned fields, after the cyclone and tidal wave. An hour's drive from Bangalore there were, he said, some 'show' villages but he wanted us to go further out, to one of the tens of thousand of the villages of the Deccan where visitors never came.

He himself had not visited it before, although he was helping to fund a project there. So we drove out along the road to Madras, past Kotar, through the mountainous boulders that could have been spilled as Lord Shiva danced across the plain. Turning off down first one minor road then another we crossed the state boundary into Andhra Pradesh, and plunged on through dusty villages splashed by the painted horns and tassels of the oxen, decorated in red and indigo for the January festival. Eventually we found our village.

In this place a minor miracle has happened. Long ago one of the local landowning caste, the Reddis, went off to Madras to study medicine. He became quite a famous doctor, and in an act of piety that betrayed his clan he donated his family mansion to an international medical order, the Swallows, for use as a hospital. This hospital is supposed to serve 30-odd local villages, and the Swallows have an Italian nursing sister running it. Illiteracy – apart from the Reddis, who go to Madras to get education – is 100 per cent. The social structure has degenerated. Many marriages last for a few years, and venereal disease ravages the villagers, whose skills have not flowered beyond husbandry and very basic pottery. What effect have the ukases of Delhi had here? Neatly stencilled on the well is a notice forbidding discrimination in its use. Could the Harijans who lived on the outskirts of the village drink from it? They seemed uncertain, living at the bottom of even this social scale.

There had been land reform decrees. Land was to be broken up into parcels of 30 acres. The Reddis had entered every name among their clan. The biggest of them, Krishna Reddi, had added for good measure the names of relations who had emigrated to America and taken citizenship. It had all gone through. There had been no land left over. Even the communal tamarind tree in the centre of the village was still harvested by the Reddis. And who would object? The Reddis were of the Congress. The cow-and-calf symbol of Indira's party had been stencilled everywhere. The villagers had voted accordingly. Now the Reddis would switch, perhaps to the new official Congress led by one of their own, Brahmanandra Reddi. Or they might go over to Janata, the new Whigs. One of their leaders in Madras was quoted that week as saying that 'invitations were never given in public; there would have to be private talks before an announcement was made.' Whatever happened, the village would go on as before. The Reddis knew how to look after their own. Since the peripatetic schoolmaster paid by the state government might be a threat, if there were to be an outbreak of literacy, they simply paid him rather better to stay away.

And this was the village of the hospital, where the nurse lived. Over the barren horizon were the other 29 she visited. Beyond them, countless thousands more. Yet she was winning. Women here were coming forward for tubectomies, when half ruined by child-birth, or deserted by their husbands and fair game for the rest. Children born at the hospital (itself no more than a two-storey private house) had lived and been better nourished to the point where the villagers could observe this thing. It was a far cry from Sanjay's goons operating as vasectomy snatch squads in the North. The village had been spared that. It was coming to family limitation through compassion, not terror. Nor was this something that would come from outside agencies alone, the Italian nurse, the Swedish charity, the Oxfam grants. Nearer the cities, the revolution in attitudes is well under way. Now projects are being launched which will take the young educated graduates and turn them to schemes like this, a kind of International Voluntary Service at home.

We had visited one such in Bangalore. It is called Search. A young Brahmin girl, fresh from school, had come in to volunteer. She sat under the organisation's credo; 'We do not seek to make a man what he is not, but to allow him to become what he is.' It is a code which applies as much to the helper as the helped, as they too struggle out of the prison of caste, the assumptions and fears of millenia. 'Garibi Hatao' – abolish poverty – had been Mrs Gandhi's rallying cry in 1971. 'Indira Hatao', the dispirited opposition had replied: 'Remove Indira'. Well, now they have. Or she has removed herself. But the poverty goes on. Are these young people who must now go out into the villages, teaching and preaching the virtues of irrigation, preventive medicine, and small-scale cottage industries, hopelessly lost in the vastness of India? Is the real hope the kind of European-style boom now convulsing the Punjab and Haryana State? I think not. The battle is in the villages. The new government proclaims that small is beautiful, and those who carry the message will upset the subtleties of power and caste which have continued in the village of the Reddis since before the time of the Nizams.

We took a meal with the Italian nurse before we left. Before it was over a young man joined us. Hesitantly he tried out a few words of English. In her two years there he was the first to come forward to grasp at the prospect of education. But there would be others, and they would not be joining the drift of the disinherited to the city pavements. Even if the Swallows withdraw, or harassment closes the hospital, something has been implanted here. In the longer term it spells the end of the hegemony of the Reddis.

Bangalore

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John Kenneth Galbraith

In Praise of Multinationals

In the last 30 years no economic institution has so intruded itself on the economic landscape as the multinational corporation. None has provoked so much discussion or been the subject of such obsessive concern – and almost every reference has in it a note of anxiety or hostility. Executives of these companies, when they gather for conferences or other corporate festivals, are regularly told by visiting professors on modest fee of the anxieties they arouse. In my recent television series and book *The Age of Uncertainty* I allowed myself some amiable references to multinational corporations, especially as they diminish nationalism and the importance of national boundaries and contribute to economic development. No other reference brought such indignant criticism.

Such hostility, the existence of which no corporate executive will deny, rests, most executives will plead, on public misunderstanding. They look at themselves, their colleagues, their hours of work, their service to customers and tax collectors, and at their families, churches, charities and largely innocent recreations, and ask if they are really wicked men. Their answer, quite rightly in the main, is no. But no executive of a multinational corporation should be in doubt as to who is responsible for the misunderstanding. He is misunderstood because, usually after some deliberation and often with some passion, he insists on misunderstanding himself. He puts forward an explanation of himself and his company that is based on outworn economic theory with a strong aspect of theology. It is, in consequence, almost wholly implausible. No man, to quote Keynes, is so much a slave of defunct economists.

There are difficulties with a defence of the multinational corporation that is based on reality. They arise because it must concede what for so long was so indignantly denied. Nonetheless the time has come when a realistic defence is not only wiser but even, I would judge, inevitable.

The multinational corporation – the company that extends its business operations under one guiding direction to two or more countries – intruded itself upon public attention in the 30 years following the second world war. During these years it moved heavily into industrial operations – into the manufacturing or processing of goods, their marketing and sales. It had, however, three antecedents in non-manufacturing fields, all of them exceedingly ancient. These had something, in fact much, to do with the reputation of, and the reaction to, the industrial corporation when it became the dominant corporate form operating across national frontiers.

First, since the rise of the modern national state, banking operations have been carried on across national frontiers, partly to finance international trade, more significantly for present purposes to take capital from countries of relative abundance to those of relative scarcity and consequent higher return. Second, the resource industries, mining in particular, have long been multinational. These industries have gone, as a matter of course, to develop operations where the ore, natural products or, latterly, the oil were available. Third, the multinational trading corporation has long brought the products of the industrial countries to the economically more backward lands.

In each of these antecedent forms there was a major element of adverse reputation which became part of the legacy of the modern multinational. The international banker had a notably sinister reputation: his concern for his capital transcended national interest and caused him on occasion to consort with the enemies of his sovereign. He was invariably richer than the borrower; and he was thought to exploit the profligacy or unwisdom of the latter or, in any case, was celebrated for doing so. In the absence of any other ill fame, anti-Semitism could be evoked. Resource industries, inevitably, were believed to be robbing the countries where they operated of their patrimony – their natural wealth. They were thought, no doubt justly, to exploit local labour, which usually had an even lower opportunity cost, and to bend weak local governments to their purposes. In India, Indonesia, Indochina the trading corporations were intimately linked with colonialism and in China with foreign penetration and domination. Socialists still celebrate them as the *compradors*. Thus like so many children, the multinational industrial corporation was unwise in the choice of its parents and is still today visited with their sins.

The case for the modern multinational begins with its considerable differences from its three antecedents, something which has been but rarely noticed, although, it should be added, the antecedents have themselves changed. The older multinationals mostly traded between the rich countries and the poor. They bridged the gap between those countries with more capital than they needed and those with less, those with manufacturing industries and those countries that could supply only raw materials and agricultural products, those with finished products to sell and those which, being devoid of modern industry, could only buy.

But even the older forms of multinational operations are now mainly, though of course not exclusively, between the developed countries. This, however, is most strongly the case with the burgeoning area of multinational operations – manufacturing – and for a very special and much neglected reason. The multinational corporation is the nearly inescapable accommodation to international trade in modern capital and consumer goods. One must emphasise this central point.

The products principally traded in past times – foodstuffs, cotton, cotton textiles, wool, coal, steel rails – required no connection or communication between producer and consumer. They could be, and were, shipped and sold through intermediaries; the producer never saw the user. Products were also sold at the market, and, very often, the market price was unknown when the goods were shipped. Before 1914, grain ships approaching Land's End from North America regularly received a signal as to where they should proceed in Europe for the best price. Until then even the destination was unknown. For this trade, and similarly for simple unbranded products like cotton greige goods, there was no role for a multinational enterprise, and we need scarcely remind ourselves that the original producers were, in the vast majority of cases, very small.

To a greater extent than one likes to think, this view of international trade still rules in the economics courses and textbooks. It is one of the several reasons why formal economics has had difficulty in digesting the multinational firm.

The modern industrial enterprise, in contrast, has products that must be marketed. Only in the economics textbooks is the consumer left to his or her sovereign decision. There also must be control over final prices; it is elementary that General Motors and Volkswagen do not ship their vehicles for sale, in the manner of wheat, for what the market will bring. Both the merchandising and the market regulation require a well-controlled sales organisation, as also do the instruction, repair and service that many modern products need and often receive.

The modern industrial enterprise has, as well, numerous needs from the government of the country in which its products are sold – far more things than the conventional and mindless litany of private enterprise admits. The government is an important customer. Also the state is the source of the airports, airways, highways, television channels, telephone communication and weapons orders without which many, perhaps most, modern industrial products cannot be sold. It is the source, as well, of a wide and increasing range of permissions and restrictions governing the sale and use of products.

So the modern manufacturing corporation has an intimate relationship – dependent, symbiotic, sometimes suborning – with the modern government. It must, in short, have influence and power in its own markets – over its prices, costs and means of consumer persuasion. Similarly it is impelled to seek influence and power in the modern state.

Power is a word that, in deference to conventional economics and its more general

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public influence, every business executive seeks to avoid. There is something exceptionally improper about its possession. But power, all know, is indispensable to the operations of the modern large corporation. It must have power over its prices; its planning operations could not possibly survive the kind of price instability that characterises most small entrepreneurial industry. It must have a measure of control over its earnings; these are a vital source of capital, as all accept. It has a long production period involving heavy investment; it must, accordingly, be able to persuade the consumer to want the product that eventually emerges. It lives with the consent of, and by the support of, the state; so living, it seeks to influence the decisions of the government. This exercise of power is not a matter of choice but of necessity. It is true of the multinational corporation. And it is wholly and equally true of the large national corporation.

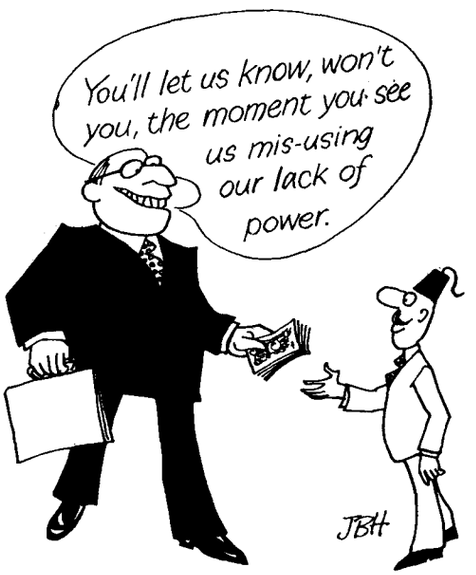
We have here, along with the ominipresent impulse to growth, the prime impulse to multinationality. A corporation in New York or Grand Rapids and confined in its operations to that location cannot bring power to bear in France to protect its prices in French markets, to defend or advance its position with the French consumer or to protect or advance its position with the French government. Yet it will need to do so, denials in conventional economic theory and official corporate doctrine notwithstanding. It follows that if the corporation is to do business in France, it must have a base or presence there for the exercise of the market power and the public power needed to develop and protect its market position and its public position. The extent of the influence and power so exercised will be in very rough proportion to the scale of the national presence.

Great Implausibility

Not seeing that the multinational corporation is the necessary manifestation of international trade in manufactured products, business spokesmen rarely make this point. Falling to see that power is an essential aspect of corporate development, they urge with great implausibility that none is exercised. They suggest that the foreign corporation – a guest in the house – would be most cautious about influencing the habits, tastes, markets or public opinion of the host country and much less the actions of its government.

The denial that the corporation has power derives from neoclassical economics, the accepted basis of modern economic and business theology. It holds that markets are made by numerous entrepreneurs and all are ruled by the market. All accept and should accept that instruction of the sovereign consumer. Anything else is monopoly or oligopoly or monopolistic competition – market imperfections – and thus an aberration. And as market power is absent, so also is public power. The classic corporation, like the citizen, can petition the state; any further exercise of power is irregular and improper. Its association is 'with words like free-trade and free-enterprise and laissez-faire, [which] hold that business is politically neutral, existing only to satisfy the economic desires of the world's people.'* To concede that a corporation has market or public power in the neoclassical economic tradition is to confess to impropriety or anti-social behaviour.

Then having taken the position that they have no power, the executives must exercise power in the most visible possible fashion. The reality of modern economic structure is not of industries composed of numerous entrepreneurial firms. It is a bio-modal structure that divides business production more or less equally between a relatively few large firms that are infinitely large and many small firms that are infinitely numerous. This bi-modal pattern is strongly characteristic of manufacturing, the expanding area of multinational operations. In 1974, the 200 largest manufacturing enterprises in the United States supplied around 60 per cent of all manufacturing employment. A handful apart, all are multinational enterprises. For the reasons noted, they could not be otherwise if they are to engage in international trade. In this half of



the economy – that of General Motors, Exxon, General Electric, IBM and so on – prices are set. Customers are persuaded. Cultural patterns are altered. Governments are persuaded.

An increasingly attentive public sees these facts, and thus the ridiculous aspect of the corporate defence. Having denied that he exercises power, having conceded that his possession of such power is improper and having conceded its especial inappropriateness for a foreign-based enterprise, the executive of the multinational corporation then proceeds with the utmost reliability to convict himself in the public eye by his own actions. The day after he disavows market power, explains that his corporation is wholly subordinate to the market and denies any thought of interfering with the government, his company announces a price increase, launches a major advertising campaign to alter consumer preference or taste and is revealed to have brought public pressure in Washington or some other capital against some regulation, or in favour of some regulation, or on behalf of some new weapon, or to have contributed substantially to some domestic or foreign politician, not purely as an act of philanthropy.

The only reasonable defence of the multinational corporation is now the truth. That it has power must be conceded. The only durable defence then is to hold that such exercise of power is inevitable and, if subject to proper guidance and restraint, socially useful.

'Low Profile'

The second conventional line of defence of the multinational is to seek to conceal or deny its foreign base and origin. The literature of multinational operations stresses this point *ad nauseam*; so, presumably, do the internal manuals, handbooks and lectures. The corporation operating in a foreign country should always keep what executives with a less than original gift for language unite in calling a 'low profile'. It should also make maximum use of local technical and managerial personnel – the number of people from the country of origin should be kept to a minimum. It must always be a good local citizen.

This defence is also implausible and self-defeating as well. No one worth persuading is ever likely to believe that General Motors in its origins is anything but American, BP anything but British, Fiat other than Italian. Persuasion is possible but not against elementary common sense.

However, there is also question as to why, in an adult industrial world, there should be apology for this kind of international development. International trade had always to be defended against those who saw only its costs, never its advantages; who saw only the intrusion of foreign competitors, never the resulting efficiency in supply or products or the reciprocal gains from greater exports. The multinational corporation comes into existence when international trade consists of modern technical, specialised or uniquely styled manufactured products. Accordingly, it should be defended, for its contribution to efficiency in production and marketing, to living standards and to reciprocal opportunities in other lands for the enterprises of the host country. This affirmative defence is excluded if a negative defence concedes, in effect, that there is something wrong with being a foreign corporation. And this is precisely what talk about a 'low profile' or minimising the foreign presence concedes. It would be a poor defence of foreign trade to pretend that French wines in the United States or American cotton in Britain were really domestic products or somehow not foreign. This tactic would concede that there was something wrong with international trade in these commodities. The 'low-profile' strategy of the multinational corporation is on all fours.

A third defence of the multinational corporation, more often implicit than explicit, has been that it reflects special aptitude in the development of management skills. It is said that this aptitude is peculiarly American; the multinational reflects the extension of this peculiarly Ameri-

People, Politics, and Productivity: The World Corporation in the 1980s. Address by Walter B. Wriston. London, 15 September 1976. Mr Wriston here makes another not uncommon and deeply damaging error, which is to assume that leadership of a large corporation is compensation for a deeply implausible position.

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can skill to the other industrial countries of the world. It is greatly to their advantage.

This defence lurks strongly in the consciousness of many American executives but it also owes something to the flattery, genuine or contrived, of their foreign colleagues in the business world. In the prose of one British leader, the 'track record of the United States – in business as well as in government – makes legitimate your leadership of the rest of us in tackling the world's problems.'† The multinational corporation, so viewed, is the natural expression of a basic American skill, the natural flowering of the American economic system.

However, the recent pattern and history of multinational development refute this conclusion. It is certain that American companies give more prestige to business managers than do other countries. No other country is so deferentially frightened of anything that is thought to be damaging to business confidence, while agreeing that what has been best for business confidence, notably the presidencies of Herbert Hoover, Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, has almost always been bad for business. We can certainly take credit for pioneering in the field of business education and the theory and practice of management. But it is nonsense to suppose that there is an American business or managerial genius, that there is anything known to anyone from Illinois or California that cannot equally be learned by anyone from England, Switzerland or Sweden. Conceivably, in some aspects of multinational operations, there is an American inferiority complex based, as in the case of the Japanese, on our congenital inadequacy in languages.

However rewarding to national or corporate vanity, the notion that the multinational corporation reflects American achievement or leadership is uniquely poisonous. Those who take credit for it as an American achievement must then defend it against the counterpart charge that it is an instrument of American economic, cultural or military imperialism.

Affirmative Arguments

Let me now turn to the affirmative arguments – the case that, with candour and a modest exercise of practical intelligence, could be made. This requires, first of all, that the power of the multinational corporation be conceded. The point to be stressed is that this power has been deployed, on balance, for socially useful ends; that where it has not, it must expect to be restrained by the state. The achievements of the international corporation are then open to mention. Governments spend notable energy seeking to improve the performance of national industries – agriculture, housing, health services. Success is far from complete. The supply of automobiles, chemicals, computers, television sets, tobacco, alcohol and other products of multinational origin is rarely a source of complaint as to quantity or cost. Other achievements involve international trade, the creation of an international civil service and managerial autonomy.

†Sir Reay Geddes (chairman of Dunlop, Ltd) in *The Future Role of Business in Society*, The Conference Board. New York, 1977.

Business firms, large and small, have never been indifferent to government policy on international trade. They have not hesitated to use their power to influence such policy. It has rarely been noticed or urged that, as the multinational manufacturing corporation has grown in importance, the importance of tariff barriers has greatly receded. The barriers are not needed by the multinational firm; for integrating and rationalising operations as between plants in different countries, they are a nuisance. Foreign competition also diminishes in terror when you own the competitor. So power that was once deployed on behalf of tariffs is no longer exercised. On balance, it is deployed against them. The European Economic Community did not come into existence because of a sudden access of Smithian economic enlightenment after the second world war; it came into existence because modern corporate and multinational organisations had made the old boundaries and barriers obsolete. European farmers,

with their different and earlier and essentially classical economic structure, would never have created the Common Market. They are now the sources of most of its disputes, nearly all of its crises and all of its unfavourable notices.

The great reduction, except in agriculture and a few other national industries, of the importance of tariffs has, in turn, removed or reduced an important source of international friction. This reduction is one substantial accomplishment of the multinational corporation, and it has made a yet more profound contribution to international amity. The absence of economic conflict, like peace in general, is so unobtrusive that we often do not notice it.

In the last century national industries, notably in steel, coal, ship- and machine-building, were the natural allies of national governments in the development of armaments. They had an economic interest in fostering international tension, as Marxists rightly emphasised (even if they may have overemphasised it in relation to ordinary public chauvinism and military insanity). That there is still an economic interest in arms and their development no candid person can deny. But no multinational corporation can be suspected of promoting tension between the governments of countries in which it operates. IBM cannot be associated with any suspicion of stirring up trouble between France and Germany in order to sell computers, or ICI in order to sell chemicals. And it is persuasive that such suspicion in a suspicious world does not even arise. We should wish therefore that there were many more multinational operations between the Soviet Union and the West.

The multinational corporation also brings into existence the world's first truly effective international civil service – men and women who have a nominal loyalty to their country of origin, a rhetorical commitment to the country in which they serve and a primary loyalty to Shell, DuPont, Philips, Nestlé or whatever other company employs them. In a world which has suffered so much from national chauvinism, and especially in this century, this development is a small pacifying influence, a civilised step on from narrow, militant nationalism. But in the corporate rhetoric this dividend goes almost completely unmentioned.

Failure of Imagination

A wholly reliable tendency in the modern very large corporation, national or multinational, is for authority to pass from the stockholders or owners to the management. This means that it matters less and less and eventually not at all who ultimately owns the corporation or where it is owned, for the owners are without power. And as power passes to the management of the multinational company, it passes in part to the management of its various national entities. They have and, as a matter of course, must have a voice in the operations in which they are directly involved. While ownership of a multinational can be concentrated in the originating country, management by its nature must always be at least partly local.

This defence is also very rarely used. Failure of imagination may again be a factor. But many managements are still unwilling to abandon the ridiculous fiction that their stockholders have power. All know that in the great multinational they are dispersed and passive, vote their proxies automatically for the management slate, are never otherwise heard from. But there remains the strong desire to keep alive the myth that the owners are still somehow important. The principal corporate folkrites, the stockholders' and directors' meetings, are carefully scripted to give the misleading impression that the owners are somehow a force in the affairs of the corporation.

In consequence, Canadians are not allowed to notice that the Canadian management of a US company has, and must have, an extensive say in its Canadian operations. They are allowed to see only that its shares are held mostly in the United States and to believe that this is the fact of importance. They are never persuaded to the view, that, since those stockholders are totally without power, it does not make any difference whether the shares are held by Canadians, Americans or in trust for Micronesians.

Once again the approved mythology is damaging to multinational corporations; the truth is favourable. Nor would this truth have cost. Most stockholders know they are without power. To say and keep saying

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that the real power lies with management, that ownership is irrelevant and that extensive managerial autonomy must be granted to national entities as a matter of simple necessity would combine truth and plausibility with the calming of present-day national fears.

Finally, critics allege that the multinational corporation exports jobs, capital and technology. This is one of the few matters on which the multinational enterprise has developed a defence. It holds that, in one way or another, it cares most about its home country and labour force – these are its primary interests. It should hold more often than it does that, as it goes abroad, others from abroad come in. The aggregate result is a more rapid spread of technology, a better international division of labour, greater productivity, greater aggregate employment. This is the old case for international trade. It is an indication of the poverty of thought brought to these matters that even this traditional defence is so imperfectly made.

No one should assume from the foregoing that the multinational enterprise is without capacity for anti-social action. And its opportunities for such action are important, for they mark out the zones of danger which the leadership of any sensibly run enterprise will avoid.

The first of these zones of danger lies in the peculiar advantage held by the multinational enterprise in its relationship to the national state. The large corporation, national or multinational in its nature, has power in the state – a point I again emphasise. As a general rule, the foreign-based company brings its power to bear more tactfully than the domestically based multinational. Volkswagen could not risk the kind of lobbying in Washington on emission standards that is done for General Motors. General Motors in Canada would not dream of instructing Ottawa as to its needs with the arrogance that Canadian Pacific once considered appropriate to its corporate dignity.

Area of Bribery

Though the multinational must speak and work for its needs, some things it must not do: in the face of unwanted regulation, environmental constraints or labour relations, it must not threaten to move operations to another country. This threat exploits a particular advantage of multinationality; it will always, and reasonably, be considered an unfair exercise of multinational advantage.

A second zone of danger, now obvious, lies in the area of bribery. This danger is great even though such payments are an accepted source of political revenue or personal income in the country in question. There is, in all countries, something peculiarly pejorative about being in foreign pay. Bribery is especially unwise for an American multinational, for to be paid by Americans who are thought to be rich and powerful is especially indiscreet. And only the hopelessly obtuse can now be unaware of the first truth concerning the United States, which is that there are no secrets in the American Republic, only varying lengths of time until all is revealed.

The third zone of danger lies in the area of international finance. The multinational company should probably always avoid currency speculation – it must, at a minimum, be extremely cautious about moving large funds in anticipation of the fall in a national currency or its appreciation. Such action also exploits an advantage peculiar to multinationality; and it helps precipitate the depreciation or appreciation against which the speculative action is taken. In an age of currency instability such action by large multinationals is certain to provoke attack.

Perhaps eventually, since injunctions to virtue are not often compelling in such matters, large international movements of funds by the multinationals will bring some kind of international registration and regulation. This I would welcome, as should all multinational executives whose primary concern is with less damaging ways of making money.

A fourth zone of danger may well be in the area of the environment. There is no reason to suppose that the foreign intruder is likely to be more damaging to ambient air, water, landscape or the tranquillity of life than the native enterprises. Industrial progress has, with rare exceptions, involved a movement from dirty processes to cleaner ones – from coal to oil and gas and from the filthy steam engine to the internal combustion engine and the electric motor. The modern problem of pollution arises not from the fact that processes have become dirtier but from the fact that, though cleaner, so much more is produced and consumed. Local industries, being generally older, will often be dirtier than the newer arrival from abroad with the newer process or product.

But no one should doubt that foreign dirt is worse than domestic dirt and also that a little new dirt (or noise or damage to the landscape) is worse than old dirt (or noise or damage) to which the senses have become adjusted. The multinational corporation must be acutely sensitive to community feelings on environmental issues. It should rarely, if ever, seek to override them. It should be scrupulous in conforming to existing law and regulations and be the last to object to valid or seemingly valid new constraints. It should lose no opportunity to improve voluntarily on present practice. None of this is to get its executives a reward in heaven. It is to maximise their hope for peace on earth.

Weapons Trade

The fifth and final zone of danger has to do with weapons and the arms trade. It cannot have escaped anyone's notice that, over the last several years, weapons producers, along with the oil multinationals, have attracted an overwhelming share of the criticism that has been directed at the international operations of the corporation. All have suffered for the errors and absurdities of Lockheed and Northrup.

By its nature the weapons business will always be regarded with unease, and it is well that this is so. No sensitive person can look with equanimity on investment in the instruments of mass death; in recent times much of this business has been with countries that have other and pressing needs for their resources. Arms have absorbed money that could and should have gone to other and better purposes. And the fact that this business is all with governments and politicians (as much of the oil business also is) adds appreciably to the likelihood of scandal.

Politicians are bribed. The same payments, when made to other businessmen, are a finder's fee or commission.

It is evident that anyone making the case for the multinational enterprise should urge it to steer clear of the arms trade (though without much hope of that advice being taken if the company is already in it). But most multinationals are not in this trade. Also it must be stressed that Lockheed and Northrup and the weapons firms generally are not, in the strict sense, multinational corporations. Exceptionally for organisations of their size, they do not have a substantial overseas presence. (The fact that they were operating through footloose sales and commission men explains, perhaps, some of the idiocies to which they exposed themselves.)

Guilt by Association

In the recent scandals civilian manufacturing multinationals have not been much involved. An habitual but misguided clubbiness as between businessmen has kept the civilian companies from emphasising this fact. One way to avoid guilt by association is to make it quite clear that there is no association.

There are other matters on which the multinational enterprise, because it is in conflict with never completely latent national suspicion, must be cautious. But let me conclude with a word of summary. The literature of multinational enterprise is vast, and volume has been notably a substitute for perception. This is dramatically so of the case which the multinational enterprise makes for itself. That case denies the exercise of the power that is evident to all seeing eyes. Indeed, if one accepts the present defence, it can logically be shown that the multinational enterprise should not exist.

I would like to urge a defence which affirms the existence of power, accepts that it must be responsibly employed and notes that there have been substantial advantages from such employment of power in the past. I would also urge that all concede the existence of opportunity for the exercise of power and associated practices which are socially damaging. It should be part of the defence that the prohibition of such power by governments, where this is possible, is affirmatively welcomed.

All this will require thought – a scarce and ill-regarded commodity in this area, as we have amply seen. I urge it nonetheless, not out of compassion, not out of fear for the future of the multinational enterprise, not even from any especial warmth of friendship but rather out of a sense of offended art. Great organisations that are so skilled in so many other matters and pride themselves on their performance should not be so outrageously clumsy in the case they make for themselves.

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George Brock

Wolverhampton's Rumour Mill

'This town brings down rumours on itself. It's a hard town. Kind of place where the people don't get no lift from Tchaikovsky, you know?' The man talking was a large, avuncular black running an ailing hostel scheme for homeless black youths in Wolverhampton. He spoke last week as the town's race relations spokespeople jitterbugged in the wake of the town's first appearance in the race relations limelight since Enoch Powell's departure. The smoke of rumours had been largely responsible for the Friday night disturbance at the end of January when 150 young blacks fought policemen after confronting white youths outside a pub. Rumours very nearly began another fracas last Saturday at the end of a march called by the local anti-racist committee. A small but angry black crowd was diverted from marching on a police station by the last minute discovery that there weren't any blacks held there.

Behind the smoke there is some fire: lone blacks have been attacked after dark for no apparent reason other than racial hatred. Bricks have gone through windows, a fire started in an Indian temple and in several shops. Incidents increased a month ago and the news travelled quickly, being magnified and distorted as it went.

Of the much-headlined Ku Klux Klan there is nothing significant to be seen, bar slogans. Hoods appeared on the football terraces and subsequently in newspapers. The night following the disturbance two white youths were arrested, one allegedly with a hood. Beside 'Teds aren't dead, they just smell funny' in the dank subway it says 'Death to blacks' and 'Ku Klux Klan' alongside a swastika. 'KKK' shouted white youths dispersing through last Saturday's shopping crowds at the marchers.

The police put-down of any Klan role generated considerable anger. The deputy chief constable of the West Midlands, Mr Maurice Buck, told reporters two days after the town-centre clash that no one had reported Klan attacks. The black community felt that the message to the public was: All this noise about attacks is empty talk. In fact some attacks, not by hooded men, have been reported, but no arrests have been made.

Plenty of blacks won't talk to the police and when they do, they don't see much in the way of results. A secret and sporadic racial feud burns on across the housing estates after dark. In a youth club in the predominantly black area of Whitmore Reans a week ago games of pool, ping-pong and dominoes were interrupted by a phone call. With hardly a word passed between them eight youngsters left the building and jumped into cars. An hour later a weary policeman was taking details from a youth in a red, yellow and green knitted hat. On his way to the club he had been passed twice by a red van. Previous attacks had been preceded by a car passing several times and it had been enough to make him run and hide. His cruising friends found nothing. Patrolling this type of ephemeral edginess must give a policeman with the best intentions a hard time – even when witnesses cooperate. (Earlier in the week a youth had arrived at the club bleeding and with torn clothes, describing an attack. A white social worker called the police and the youth refused to talk to them.)

The attack which wound up the tension happened a week before the disturbance. A West Indian nicknamed 'Buttons' and well-known as a disc-jockey and football player was walking on his own to a party when passed twice by a dark-coloured Triumph saloon. The car parked in a cul-de-sac and four men got out; two stood in front of him and two behind. He began running. 'One of the ones in front tore my jacket. One of them had a stick like a truncheon and he hit me on the head and on my shoulder.' The second pair were just catching up when he broke away. The head wound was stitched in hospital and he made a statement to the police the same night.

Not for the first time the black communities are looking after themselves, deeply suspicious that racial violence reappears in this fleeting, anonymous shape when immi-

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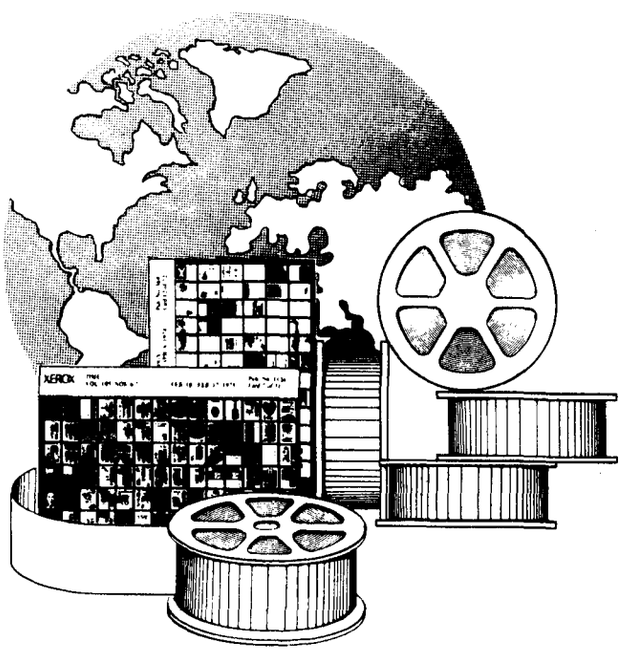

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gration in the headlines gives it superficial legitimacy. The theory that 'Paki-bashing' in Wolverhampton stopped when some young Asians briefly went white-bashing is widely held. Both that outbreak and the present one had some roots in tribal, gang warfare. Five years ago the skinheads and their close relatives the 'suedeheads' joined with the West Indian kids against the 'greasers' and the Indians. Tit for tat may have restarted. Last week two white men were separately attacked within five minutes by a group wielding a bat and an iron bar. The police announced that they were looking for ten West Indians.

The police perform hopelessly implausible manoeuvres while trying to block suggestions that any violence is racial. 'There is no direct evidence at this stage to suggest this was a racial incident,' said Mr Buck the day after the disturbance, somehow overlooking that his officers had listened to the two groups hurl racial abuse at each other outside the pub. Later the same morning community leaders, councillors and policemen held a huddle. The aim, said the minutes of the meeting, must be 'to relieve tension and frustration.' The wicked media had ignored Wolverhampton's good recent record in race relations. 'Man,' one young black said, 'they must have been on the moon all these years.'

C. H. Rolph

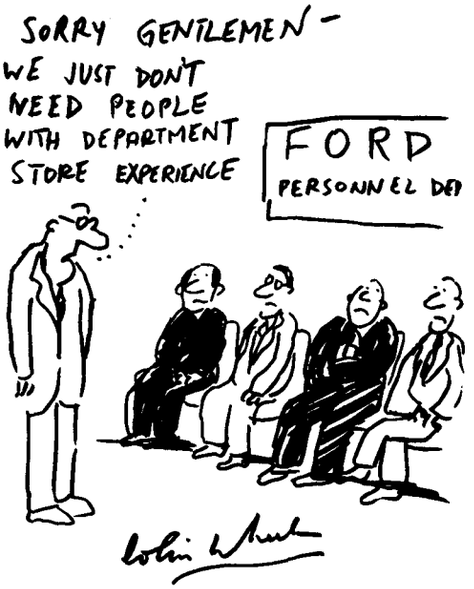
Statutory Fairplay

Because it seemed the only way of getting somewhere to live, I once 'owned' a small house I couldn't afford with a big mortgage I couldn't pay. I lived upstairs and let the ground floor. Then when I had to move, no one wanted to buy it without first ejecting the tenants. So I let the upstairs to some hard-up friends at a rent they thought was laughable (without actually laughing), until one day it became necessary – for tax purposes – to find out what the true rental was. We all went to a Rent Tribunal and it turned out that my tenants were paying rather more than the Tribunal thought they should. They all very nobly refused to pay less, but after two more years the upstairs lot moved out and I once more faced the problem of selling. With half of it occupied, once more no one wanted the damned place and in the end I virtually gave it away. It was during that period that I learned to say that all landlords are *not* bastards but that the law is stacked against them as if they were. I selected my audiences carefully.

Now that I am no longer exploiting anyone's need for a bed and a roof I can once more feel anti-landlord in the good old uncomplicated way. Like a snake casting its skin I am even now shedding a long-held belief that the only landlord should be the Crown; the state, the people, you and me brother. And this is because I have realised, much later than most people do, that 'the Crown' means legions of clock-watching fixers, to whom all their non-Crown protégés are a lot of idiotic proles who can't fill up forms or stand neatly in queues. This article is the plaint, puzzled rather than soured, of one who has dabbled in social reform legislation and lived to see much of it make things, on the whole, rather worse for more people than it bettered.

I am able to say, incidentally, that I have had nothing to do with the various Race Relations Acts and have opposed them passively from the start, as likely in the end to do rather more harm than good. They were bound to do *some* good, and will do more, but the good is done to the consciences and to the self-esteem of the legislators and their supporters. What I never did foresee was that the Industrial Tribunals, from which so many of us had expected so much, could ever establish such a quantity of artful dodgery on the part of employers, cynical opportunism on the part of employees, and petty (but, to be fair, usually reluctant) tyranny on the part of the Tribunals and the Court of Appeal. Let me select two recent stories for the illustration of all three.

In *Fox Maintenance Ltd* v. *Jackson (1977)* Mr Jackson claimed that he had been unfairly dismissed. If he had been in the job for 26 weeks the Contracts of Employment Act would have entitled him to a month's notice. But they wanted to give him 'pay in lieu'. Most people prefer this, but the new statutory right not to be 'unfairly dismissed', as enshrined in the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act 1974 (known to its friends as TULRA), contemplates only a week's notice for an employee who has done less than 26 weeks. If Mr Jackson had been given a month's notice, and had worked it out, he *would* have completed his 26 weeks and thus would be able to make a statutory claim for unfair dismissal. He thought he was so entitled anyway, and he appealed to an Industrial Tribunal. This decided that his dismissal was wrongful, whereupon his employers took the case to the Employment Appeal Tribunal, which found in their favour and made an order declaring that Mr Jackson did not have the necessary '26 weeks' continuous service'. The effect of this case is that an employer who wants to dismiss someone with less than six months' service can deprive him of his TULRA protection by dismissing him summarily or with pay in lieu of notice. The dismissed man may of course have a Common Law right of action for wrongful dismissal, but experience has shown that except for top people this is largely illusory.



Now for the other side: *Hazells Offset Ltd* v. *Luckett (1977).* Mr Luckett, the new studio manager, came in with personnel management methods which quickly earned the distaste of the trade union – it was SLADE, the Society of Lithographic Artists, Engravers and Process Workers. Fairly soon the trade union officials announced that they were just not going to work with this Mr Luckett, and Hazells Offset were faced with the choice of (at least) a studio shutdown or the sack for Mr Luckett.

Not a difficult choice? It was in fact a dilemma. If he claimed for unfair dismissal, as he probably would (and in fact did), they could not plead that he was sacked in response to trade union pressure, because that defence has been specially and thoughtfully abolished by Parliament: TULRA rules, re-enacting a similar provision from the Industrial Relations Act 1971, that such a defence is not applicable. And if the unfortunate employer (as Mr Justice Kilner Brown called him at the Employment Appeal Tribunal hearing) cannot take into account the real reason and has no other, then it must in law be unfair dismissal: 'It doesn't sound fair, it doesn't sound right, but that is what Parliament has decided . . . The Industrial Tribunal were absolutely right when they said "We cannot look here for a reason, because the real reason is one which is barred".' To make matters worse, neither Tribunal had been able to find that Mr Luckett's conduct, much as the staff disliked him, had contributed to the trouble. So he got £1,100 compensation, to which his employers must add their legal expenses and time.

TULRA has become the basis for a huge and growing legal practice, and the Industrial Tribunal Reports a busy new branch of the law reporting industry. Buried beneath it all is an unknown mass of disputes in which small employers are paying up rather than waste time and money, while sacked employees are putting up with injustice because legal aid for Tribunal hearings is not allowed. Thinking afresh about the need for quick and cheap settlement in what used to be called master-and-servant cases, a need still unsatisfied, the feeling assails me that somewhere or other this article must be unfair to somebody. But I can't see where. It's not merely that the Trade Union and Labour Relations Acts are no more successful than the Race Relations Acts in the statutory enforcement of common decency. Common decency has acquired an index-linked market value and is dying of it.

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Alexander Cockburn

Swing, Swing Together

In the beginning – and we talk here in terms of mere years rather than centuries – there was Esalen, the human potential movement, *Bob and Ted and Carol and Alice* on the screen, and decorous wife-and-husband swapping in the suburbs (*et in urbe et rure* too, for all I know). There were 'swingers' who connected with each other through classified advertisements and special catalogues, and who held massed rendezvous in private homes. And now – the decline of Western civilisation being what it is – you can go most nights in the city of New York to a 'swing club' and join upward of 500 people either publicly fornicating or watching other people do the same; $25 entry fee for two. Bring a partner of the opposite sex, leave with a partner of the opposite sex. Thus is the ecology of the club maintained.

I'll return to the swing club in a minute, but first some background about sexual fashions in New York. Maybe because this is the communications centre of America, arbiter of trends (whether native or imported), the sense of sexual vogue is ever-pervasive, ever-changing. After four years' residency it is hard for me to keep all the strata in the right order, but here are some to give you the idea. First the interminable and generally contradictory reports from the engineering department: mutual orgasm in, mutual orgasm out; vaginal orgasm defended, vaginal orgasm discredited; size unimportant, size essential. And then the vogues: bisexuality as the way to total joy and personal fulfilment; terminal sex (more rumoured than practised, naturally); gay S-M clubs where crowds observe corrective rituals; cocaine with sex. Lately, perhaps in response to the Carter Administration's declarations of faith in the future of the family, incest seems to be shooting up in the charts, at least as a talking point for the trend-setters.

Each passing season brings its new definition of sexual chic, its new intimation of the *zeitgeist*. 'No one,' an excellent photographer specialising in sado-masochistic portraiture recently remarked to me, 'wants to be on top any more'. He spoke with great confidence, even though lacking precise sociological data about the tastes of the city's 11 million inhabitants. But just as I was brooding whether the trend of the selfish Seventies was to receive rather than to give I observed the proclamation of yet another trend blazoned right across the cover of one of the city's better selling weeklies: 'ASEXUALITY – EVERYBODY'S NOT DOING IT.'

Actually the article was by my old friend Arthur Bell, gay correspondent for the *Village Voice* and someone who once remarked to me stiffly that he was 'a reporter first and a homosexual second'. Mindful of Arthur's proclaimed integrity and scientific detachment I studied his findings keenly. 'It wouldn't surprise me,' he began, 'to see a rash of asexual non-dating bars opening on First Avenue and the Waterfront in the near future – places where people of different asexual persuasions stare at each other and keep their rocks on. Because sex is so accessible – in art as well as life – it figures that the plugged in are plugging out. With (unmarried) Ed Koch as mayor, and role model, perhaps asexuality is the wave of the future.'

Arthur gamely marshalled his evidence: Koch as a role model, Andy Warhol's stated relief at giving up sex, the Dracula craze (romance) and the space craze in the form of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (religion). Bleak quotation followed bleak quotation. From a punk impresario: 'Punk rock is driving the final nail into the coffin. The punks don't have sex: they talk about it all the time. They're afraid to f – – – because they might do something wrong.' And from the owner of a leading fashionable disco joint: 'It's impossible to have a relationship in this perverse disco madness . . . To me an asexual is someone who has no desire for sex. Whether he represses the desire is something else. It's peculiar to people who are involved in work and can't put all their energy into too many sources. If I'm here 16 hours a day, I can't run out and think of f – – – ing.' In former times, of course, people would just say they had a headache. But this is New York and this is a trend, so now we have asexuality.

It may well be, given narcissism is now being mooted by pundits as a serious psychosocial ailment of the American people, that asexuality is the only bulwark between the Republic and a rising population curve. If so, the trend is meeting spirited resistance in the swing clubs I mentioned at the start. Take the case of Plato's Retreat, the haunt which now accommodates those 500 swingers a night. First we have to know that 'swinging' should not be understood as a synonym for orgy, but as – originally – the habit of married couples to swap partners with two or three other married couples on an orderly and regular basis. The practice grew more popular: magazines for swingers sprang up: there were bars where would-be swingers could meet and then repair to private quarters for actual swinging.

Last winter an unemployed restaurateur named Larry Levenson, resident in New York, acquired an interest in swinging and had the simple idea of establishing a place where swing-minded heterosexuals could swing on the premises. Previously only gay clubs had eliminated the need for travel between eye contact and actual embrace. Thus it was that on-premise orgies came to the East Coast and Plato's Retreat, in the words of one newspaper report from March of last year, became 'the first club in the city where heterosexual swingers can get it on as soon as they get there'. At that time Levenson was renting a health club for Friday and Saturday nights. He let in couples and single women – all generally from the white middle class. There was a 90-degree swimming pool for swinging, and a room with mats for swinging and indeed a dance floor for naked cavorting. In the ethos of the swing scene there was no pressure on the customers to do anything – even undress. Many among the crowd of hundreds would in fact never undress, but indulge purely in one of the acknowledged pleasures of swinging, namely voyeurism. Advances by strangers could be accepted or denied with a simple shrug and the more importunate were ejected.

On the edge of last summer Levenson got into a row with his landlord and searched for new premises. He found them in the Ansonia Hotel on the West Side. The Ansonia houses the famous continental baths, once a preferred gay hang-out where Bette Midler was discovered. Here Plato's Retreat is still located, increasingly fashionable and increasingly popular.

Levenson operates it as a chartered club, and invested $150,000 in doing it up. It seems to be paying off, the couples flock, and somewhere between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. the percentage of dressed folk (about 50 per cent before midnight) sinks to 25 per cent at around the 4 a.m. mark. But with success have risen grumbles from the old hard-core swingers who came from what one expert defined for me as the bowling rather than tennis-playing sectors of society. They tended to be in their forties, often classifying their activities as 'acceptable adultery' rather than the franker 'swinging'. But now these veterans observe with displeasure the age average sinking down through the thirties and beyond. They see randy tourists of the sexual revolution rather than committed disciples of their mystery (the couple that swings together stays together). They see the beautiful people, along for a look and a laugh. And they see gaggles of writers and journalists trooping along to write up the new scene in town. At the present time Plato's Retreat is getting some hassles, from the State Liquor Authority which has banned all distribution of alcohol on the premises, so the customers have to swing on soft drinks. But rival *entrepôts* have sprung up and the excesses of the Roman Empire (unwinding on public television in the form of *I, Claudius*) seem firmly installed in the metropolis. Perhaps Arthur Bell is right and indiscriminate abundance will bring on the new continence. No doubt some new virulent strain of venereal disease sweeping through the swing clubs would achieve the same effect.

New York

This America

☐ President Sadat arrives in Washington on Friday, and will go immediately to Camp David, the presidential weekend retreat in the Maryland mountains, with Mr Carter. They will be accompanied by their wives, so the two days they will spend there will not be devoted entirely to business. – *The Times* (M. Steading)

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London Diary

☐ Negotiations are in fashion. There are two sets of negotiations over Rhodesia. President Sadat is negotiating his way round the world with Prime Minister Begin in hot pursuit. I do not share the cheerful view that negotiations always increase understanding between the parties. Sometimes they bring out the differences as Groucho Marx demonstrated in *Duck Soup*. But they are better than doing nothing. And this is what the British Government are doing in Northern Ireland, which has dropped out of the news except when someone is killed or a baby seriously wounded as happened the other day. But the problem is still there. British troops are still in Northern Ireland; the IRA and the Ulster extremists are still active. Some day the problem will have to be faced. What do the Government hope to achieve by prolonging direct rule indefinitely? Are they waiting for the inhabitants of Northern Ireland to come to their senses? Surely they have done so already. The great majority in Northern Ireland ask nothing better than an orderly and peaceful life. But the Government must show them some way of achieving this. My own view has never changed: British troops should be withdrawn, if not immediately then at some stated date in the fairly near future. Their presence is not helping towards a solution. Rather it prolongs the deadlock and even strengthens it. British governments have been trying to solve the Irish problem for the last hundred years. They have not succeeded and are unlikely to do so now. The Irish people of both North and South should be left to solve the problem for themselves. Certainly they will not be helped towards this so long as the British Government sits back in complacent inactivity.

☐ The recent discussions over inter-communion are not irrelevant to the Irish question. Here also there are two sets of people with different beliefs. Anglicans seem to take the view that these differences are unimportant. Romanists continue to assert, though less emphatically than formerly, that they are still there. As an unbeliever with a Quaker background I can be no more than a detached observer. The questions over which the two churches differ are all meaningless to me. But as an historian I cannot help being puzzled. The Church of England went to a great deal of trouble to carry through a Reformation. Was this all a mistake? Is the Church of England Protestant no longer? If so we can write off much of our history. In the 19th century there were those who tried to disregard the Reformation. Newman, the most clearsighted of these, recognised that this was impossible within the Church of England and went over to Rome. This course is still open to those who wish to be in communion with Rome. Of course all Christians have much in common as do all men of good will whether Christians or not. But the differences are as great as the agreements. Leaders of the Church of England should reflect that there is a price to pay. At the other end of the spectrum Dean Inge once wished to become a Quaker. He was told he would be welcomed but that of course he would have to give up the Deanery of St Paul's if he became a member of the Society of Friends. Dean Inge remained an Anglican. I wonder whether bishops of the Church of England would be willing to become laymen as the price of inter-communion.

☐ Everyone must regret the staffing problems of the V and A. It will be lamentable if sections of this great collection have to be closed some days a week. They are a part of our national heritage and also on a more mundane level a great tourist attraction. Every capital city should be bursting with museums, open every day. But our museums have brought some of the troubles on themselves. At the enlightened inspiration of Lord Eccles they were offered an increase of revenue by instituting charges for admission. Instead of welcoming this the art galleries and museums formed a solid front of opposition to it and by their opposition managed to make it unworkable. What is wrong with charges for admission? All the great galleries throughout Europe make charges and no one complains. There are sensible exceptions: free entry for schoolchildren and pensioners, free entry on Sundays. But the principle seems to me admirable. We willingly pay for other forms of culture. We pay for concerts. We pay for going to the theatre. For that matter we pay for visiting buildings owned by the National Trust or the Department of the Environment. Are paintings and works of art somehow in a higher aesthetic category than, say, Fountains Abbey or Knole? I do not believe it. Free entry is a relic of the time when a benevolent aristocracy graciously bestowed culture on the masses.

☐ Those of us who walk the streets of London or any other great city are faced by a new menace. We used to think we were safe on the pavements. Now the pavements are becoming obstructed by the cars parked on them. Aspiring parkers thrust themselves on the pavements and sound their horns aggressively if we attempt to stand in the way. Soon our city streets will be like the back streets in Rome where cars are parked so tightly against the house walls that pedestrians have to climb over them or risk death. I am told that a clause in some Road Traffic Act makes it possible to ban parking on pavements but the clause must be brought into force by the local council and as all councillors have cars, no council has exercised its powers. Why not go further and eliminate pedestrians? This would provide more parking places and widen all the roads. The motorist is a deserving citizen who makes lavish contributions to the public revenue. The pedestrian is a useless creature who does not even need a licence to use the public streets. Pedestrians should be abolished. They should be ordered to stay at home and hunted down if they venture out. I observe that the better class of motorist already operates this doctrine. No driver of an expensive car respects pedestrian crossings or is even aware that they exist. Legs were all right in prehistoric times. They are outmoded in our more enlightened days.

☐ A political pundit told me the other day that the Tories would romp home at the general election were it not for the prospect of Margaret Thatcher as Prime Minister. I wonder whether the personality of the party leader makes much difference when it comes to voting. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were, I suppose, the two most brilliant British statesmen of the 20th century and look where it got them: mostly disregarded except under the pressures of war. Gladstone was a great man and yet every government he led ended in disaster. The Liberals won their greatest victory under the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a man with no distinction except honesty. Labour won their greatest victory under Attlee, a modest man, in Churchill's phrase, 'who had much to be modest about'. Politicians may talk about the issues of the day. What matters at an election is a keen, efficient organisation that gets the voters to the poll. Perhaps a party is strongest when most voters do not even know the name of its leader.

☐ Lady Spencer Churchill bequeathed her eyes for medical purposes and her bequest was made public. This was an admirable act. The cornea of the eye does not degenerate with age and can be used to restore the sight of some other person. I am a little surprised that the publicity should be necessary. I had assumed that most people arranged for a similar bequest. Apparently this is not so. Comparatively few people carry a card, as I do, authorising it. The cornea is not the only need. Kidneys are also of much medical use and are in short supply. Here again I am told that comparatively few cards are in circulation. The Government would be better employed conducting intensive propaganda for cornea and kidney cards than in telling people that smoking injures their health which they either know already or do not believe. I suppose most people do not like to think about their approaching death. For my part I am glad to think, that having led a pretty useless life, my death will be of use to somebody. Indeed I can hardly wait.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ The judge said she had told him that at this first meeting she immediately obtained a mental picture which indicated to her that there was something wrong with Mr Griffith's marriage. 'She saw a picture of two sacks of potatoes in a double bed,' said the judge. – *Guardian* (C. F. Hansen)

☐ Doctors have removed a piece of shrapnel lodged in Tom Burton's arm since 1944. The ex-soldier, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, thought it was a boil. – *Daily Express* (Hartmut Appelt)

☐ Evangelical Dental Surgeon, Wandsworth Common, requires like-minded Surgery Assistant. No previous experience necessary. – *Wandsworth Borough News*, (Joan Buckley)

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University Forum

Robert Cottrell*

Cambridge's Wild Judge

Things really do look a bit sticky for Judge David Wild at the moment. He is unquestionably an expert within his own particular field of hire purchase law, but his excursions into the controversial areas which judges must from time to time explore have attracted considerable public and press interest in the sessions of Cambridge Crown Court.

Judge Wild is generally held to be 'old-fashioned' and a 'traditionalist' – terms often used when explaining away prejudice and myopia as some kind of natural historic phenomenon. His policy of deterrent sentencing on drug offenders has been well-known in Cambridge for some time: a policy which has seemed more concerned with establishing a public image of the court's stern determination than it has with taking account of the interests of the defendants themselves. Four times last year the hammer of Judge Wild fell upon such cases: three times the Court of Appeal commuted the sentences so substantially as to call into question his capacity to administer law in the spirit of modern informed opinion rather than in the letter of its statutes. The fourth case, a Mr Amabalino, indicates not a consensus by the higher court, but a lamentably long delay on the part of the Criminal Appeals Office in establishing a date for the hearing. The most recent defendant was David Harnden, a 20-year-old undergraduate from Sidney Sussex College who was arrested in the summer and charged with possession of 12 ounces of cannabis resin with intent to supply. He appeared before Judge Wild in November, and was able to offer considerable evidence of mitigating circumstances: he was of exemplary character – as attested by outstanding academic references; his intention was to supply only friends, and not to make money; and, sentence permitting, he would be able to take up his studies again after a year's suspension by the college, with every chance of pursuing a useful career. Did Wild's heart thaw? Was he inspired by the opportunity to show compassion to a decent but misguided young person and return him, chastened and corrected, into society? Not a bit of it. He took little interest in the references; disregarded the social inquiry's recommendation of a community service order; refused to accept that profit was not Harnden's motive; declared that the 'misery and degradation' implicit in the offence was outside the pale of civilised society; and announced that 'Three years is the right and proper sentence'.

It may be that Judge Wild has not read, in the ten years since its publication, the Wootton Report on Cannabis. An outstanding liberal modification of official thought, the report found that cannabis was neither physically nor psychically harmful to otherwise normal people, and that 'there is no evidence that this activity is causing violent crime or aggressive anti-social behaviour'. And it is evident, from the press statement made by Home Office adviser Professor Graham on the *same day* that Harnden was sentenced, that Wootton's assessment has since encountered little contradiction. Graham said that, in his view, cannabis ought to be available legally, adding that he hoped magistrates would take modern opinion into account and sentence offenders accordingly.

The influence of Wootton has been felt, eventually, in some quarters. Last summer – a mere nine years later – there was talk of a Home Office initiative to abolish prison sentences for first-offence possession. But this has as yet not been enacted, and the report's only legacy in law has been the introduction of the offence 'possession with intent to supply' which enables people to be charged with trafficking even when they have not actually been caught doing it. Certainly, Wild still feels free to sentence according to the dictates of his own conscience: he dismissed the commuting of his earlier sentences – pointed out to him during the Harnden case – with the airy sentiment 'I am not responsible for the decisions of the Court of Appeal'. Quite *how* he is not responsible, when it is with his own sentences that the Court is dealing, is not clear, nor does he propose to offer any further illumination: 'I am not prepared to comment on anything I may say in court at any time', he told the *Cambridge Evening News*. Adequate comment *was* supplied last week in the reduction of Harnden's three-year gaol sentence to a period of borstal training.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the Harnden case was the backhander which Wild used as a justification of his outrageous sentencing: he cited the existence of a vulnerable community of young people within the university whom it was his duty to protect. It's the kind of safety measure Cambridge could do without. Wild was certainly acting within the law, which still permits a sentence of five years for first-offence possession alone; but he was also certainly not acting in accordance with the wishes of the society whom he felt the law existed to protect. His position is, in a way, understandable: elected – as he sees it – by virtue of his high moral wisdom to be a governor of society, he has established territorial rights over his courtroom and feels his role to be that of the rectifier rather than instrument of social opinion. It is fortunate that the Appeal Court is prepared to come to the aid of unfortunates like Harnden: but the damage done by other Wild broadsides is less easy to repair.

One consequence of the McKinnon affair was to demonstrate the extent to which the opinions of judges are taken by many sections of the community as an articulation of an 'official' point of view – to which the subsequent parliamentary protest came as a welcome corrective, regardless of what cavilling there may have been about the legislature interfering with the judiciary. Another was to whet the appetite of press and community relations bodies for similar indiscretions on the part of their own courts – an appetite which Wild was happy to satisfy. During the January Sessions, he tried two Libyans on an assault charge. Not content with administering the law, he felt entitled to impart a little of his own insight concerning their conduct: 'But then, as people about the courts know, people of your origin never admit anything – well, hardly anything'. The local Community Relations Council was rightly outraged, and has since been advising members of ethnic minorities that they are entitled to request trial by a judge other than Wild. Unabashed, Wild went on to tell defendants from a hostel for the rehabilitation of offenders that the education which they were receiving as part of the NACRO scheme was better than they, as criminals, deserved.

There is very little action which can be taken against judges whose view of society and their role in it is so anachronistic and harmful. Wild will not be curbed by the Appeal Court; the Community Relations Council can only continue its work in compiling a dossier on his remarks and the local MP, the historian Robert Rhodes-James, will not comment. The Lord Chancellor only obliquely acceded to demands for his intervention. In reply to a letter of complaint from Peterborough MP, Michael Ward, Lord Elwyn-Jones admitted to having taken the brave step of 'reminding' Wild of his statement over the Kingsley Read case and 'the need for the courts in their public utterances to respect the feeling of the immigrant section of the population'.

In his own parochial way, Wild is a good illustration of two large faults in the administration of criminal justice: the ossified process of law-making – here concerning cannabis – leaves him latitude to sentence far beyond the requirements of society and the desires of those experts upon whose such advice those laws are partly founded; and in the course of a case, he indulges in personal criticism behind which he feels justified in throwing the whole weight of court authority. It is time that the legal authorities realised that to take action against judges who behave in such an egocentric and patronising manner would affirm, rather than weaken, public confidence in British justice.

Robert Cottrell studies English at King's College, Cambridge.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Look Back In Amazement

As far as any major war can be said to be preferable to another, the fairly recent conflict certainly threw up fewer British idiocies and discomfitures than the 1914 affair. For one thing, reputable people who happened to bear obviously foreign names weren't instantly suspected of being secret agents awash with marks and in daily touch with Berlin. The thin chink of light made by dimpled old ladies opening their doors at night to expel Pussy into the garden for those thoughtful five minutes that are so essential before turning in no longer brought upon them accusations of guiding enemy bombers to the gasworks. Not so in the Kaiser's war and the Poet Laureate himself, possessor of an unusual name, has revealed that much of his childhood was spent surrounded by a taunting circle of merciless schoolboys endlessly chanting 'Betjeman's a German spy', preparatory to seizing his school cap, that vital object without which one appeared punishably bareheaded, and hurling it over spiked railings and inaccessibly into long grass. I am sorry to report that, even at Oundle, a charming, gentle and innocuous foreign languages master who had the misfortune to be called Hornstein, was openly said to be signalling to Zeppelins up the chimney of his lodgings. Nobody bothered to wonder just what useful tit-bits of information he could have been flashing to them in Morse. Rugger scores, perhaps. Oundle 87: Uppingham 3.

For the first few anti-climactic months of the last war, I remained a master at Oundle, commissioned and awaiting call-up. Though in a remote and extremely beautiful corner of Northamptonshire and of a quite negligible interest as a bomb target, we were no great distance from the immensely important and visible iron works at Corby, and the Oundle town council, rightly feeling that we should all be alert and on our toes for any enemy action that mishits at Corby might spill over on to us, decided to arrange various surprise tests of civic initiative. I was an assistant housemaster in one of the older school boarding houses situated in the middle of the town itself and when, very late one night in November, 1939, the front door bell rang, I seemed to be the only person up and about and ready to answer it. I like to think that I was conscientiously correcting French proses and preparing my thoughts on Racine for the next day, but I was more probably reading yet another of my favourite stage autobiographies of the As - you - see - they - seemed - to - like - me - well - enough - in - Bradford kind, to a soothing background of Henry Hall on the wireless.

It was nearly midnight. Who could it be? The bursar come to inspect a cracked basin, or with a new, patented cockroach deterrent? A parent anxious to return to base a son who had run away? The boys tended to be happy and to stay put, but one never knew. In my early days as a schoolmaster, which I did not totally enjoy, merely because I was wishful to be elsewhere, I always hoped to come upon a boy making obvious preparations for unscheduled departure, in which case I was going to stop him with a cry of 'Hang on a moment, I'm coming with you. I hate it too'. Prudently dousing the lights in the hall and abiding by the blackout regulations, I opened the door and shone outwards the beams of my torch, carefully directing them downwards in case some wily Jerry airman was silently circling above in his Dornier, sinisterly waiting his chance to come zooming down and put paid to me, for such was the common expectancy in those naïve days. Just visible in the dim light was neither bursar nor parent but a diminutive female figure. She spoke, and in tones that could only be called lugubrious. 'I'm a high-explosive bomb,' she said.

She was, of course, no such thing. I recognised her at once as an assistant in one of the town's two drapery establishments. She had taken, fittingly enough, a leading role in *Our Miss Gibbs*, that melodious musical about a shopgirl that had recently been staged, regardless of expense and in open defiance of Hitler, by the town's amateurs for a week's performances in our Victoria Hall. However, swiftly reacting to the challenge brought by this council emissary, I asked her if, as a bomb, she was supposed to have already gone off, or to be on the very verge of going off, or if we were to regard her as being, in the mind's eye, embedded in the roadway, categorised as 'unexploded' and just about to be railed off and forbidden access by the general public. She said that she was sorry. She did not know. 'They' had not told her.

The night was chilly and this menace from the skies looked forlorn and frail standing there, so I asked her if her duties permitted a break for refreshment in the shape of coffee and biscuits. Instantly deserting her post, in the carefree and lackadaisical military manner of 1939, Miss Gibbs stepped briskly in, swiftly downed two cups of 'Camp' and a handful of oval Maries, and then went off again, reinvigorated, to bring her dreaded rain of horror from above to other sleepy sections of the town. It was never made clear to me what I was expected to do when discovering high-explosive positively on the doorstep. It was generally felt, on discussing the matter with colleagues, that coffee and biscuits was as good an emergency measure as any.

There was, in point of fact, a building a few yards up the road that could well have done with a good dollop of high-explosive. No large school exists that does not possess structures of which it is heartily ashamed and it has always been my view that when royalty is invited to come down and kindly throw open new music schools and swimming pools, it should also be requested to close something or, preferably, destroy it ('It gives me considerable pleasure to blow up these perfectly ghastly rooms') by thrusting down one of those exciting plungers that one sees during mining episodes on the telly. In this case, a pile of dusty rubble would have been all that remained of Dryden House, the house in which I spent four happy years as an Oundle schoolboy.

One of the many risks that one ran as a boy at a really ancient public school was that of being disadvantageously housed, to put it mildly. One did not expect de luxe surroundings but on the other hand there is a point when absence of luxury can safely be called squalor. Dryden House had started life as a coaching inn on a modest scale. Its double doors opened onto a cobbled, sunless, roadway between two lofty wedges of rooms and led to stables and a small, gravelly yard. Little, if anything, had changed from the days when the coaches came rumbling in, and in this very restricted area some sixty boys lived and ate and slept and worked. The tiny, airless and almost lightless changing room in which we prepared ourselves for games, and de-briefed ourselves after games, made the black hole of Calcutta seem by comparison like the Dorchester. The maids and the cook existed in a damp oubliette, in clouds of steam and smells of burnt porridge. For the first two years of life there, one's communal living-room looked out, like that of the Brontë girls, onto the churchyard. After that, we were moved on to the horseless stables. One wag, providing for the yearly house magazine an article on the house's origins, wrote 'the old inn accommodation has now been tastefully converted into spacious suites of rooms for boys'. This was considered satirical and was ill received by authority.

I write of all this, however, in no resentful mood. The absence of comfort was just one of the facts of life, accepted without question in the same way as chilblains, pimples, sago, cold baths, ablative absolutes and unfortunate attachments. And the unsatisfactory building and the conditions in which we were housed were made bearable by the extraordinary personalities of the housemaster and his wife. Grey- and white-haired, they seemed immeasurably old but were, I see now, a mere 58 and 54. They were of the old world and graciousness personified. Elegantly attired at all times, they swished about the cramped quarters as though in a wing of Chatsworth, smiling to right and left and managing to remain as remote as Alaska. Nothing whatever could knock them off balance, not even when a boy, sensing the approach of an attack of malnutrition, was found trying to saw his way into the locked store-room beneath the stables. The saw was removed and they invited him to have dinner with them, quite alone. This totally unnerving experience soon shut *him* up. They don't make housemasters like that these days. And nor, thank heaven and for everybody's sake, do they have to.

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Letters to the Editor

Select Committees

Sir, I have only now read James Fenton's article (NS 20 January) but I doubt very much if Select Committees in general would achieve more government action on their recommendations if 'dissenting minority' reports were common practice – technically they are not allowed anyhow.

When early in its history the Select Committee on Science and Technology investigated the organisation of the nuclear reactor industry, a majority of Labour members were in favour of one national nuclear design and construction company; a minority – mainly Conservatives – favoured the continuance of competition for power station contracts among the then several manufacturing groupings. In the final report the minority view was expressed by recorded but defeated amendments. However, in the outcome the Wilson Labour Government rejected the Select Committee's constructive proposal; a principal reason for rejection being stated as lack of unanimity in the committee! So nothing was done to improve the organisation of the nuclear reactor industry for four years.

Since that time, although the Select Committee has ranged over a wide field of investigation and has produced nearly 30 reports, party differences or party advantage have not, one way or the other, influenced our conclusions or recommendations. Of course, there have been some clashes of opinion on the committee and these have come out in the published amendments but not along straight party lines. Ministers, Labour or Conservative, have been put through their paces by the committee but this has been solely in relation to their policies in the area under investigation. Such close and critical examination has not implied any general censure on the Minister, which is in my view a matter for the House itself given the conventions of the British party system. The result of this objective outlook of the committee has been a not inconsiderable recent influence on government technical and scientific policy, as the record will show.

My worry about permanent departmental select committees is that these will become places where the Opposition members of the day will naturally seize their opportunity to make general party capital out of the information given them. As a protection from attack the ministers concerned will look to their party friends for help and the customs of the floor of the House, including whipping, will reproduce themselves in the committees. Indeed, if established, such novel committees may all too soon come to resemble the present standing committees used for the consideration of Bills – hardly a recommendation, I would have thought.

ARTHUR PALMER

House of Commons

The Case for Camden

Sir, In the past I have thought my black friends unreasonable when they said that they could cope with frank nigger-haters, but couldn't stomach the damned condescension of white liberals like myself. After reading your last week's editorial, I am not so sure.

For anyone with minority pigmentation, the Camden policy inevitably carries the odour of condescension so pungent in the nostrils of the blind, the disabled, the mentally retarded, the female, and all the others for whom special provision must be made because they presumably cannot compete on equal terms. Perhaps for people in these categories this is inevitable. But for able-bodied and normally equipped black people, negative discrimination is an injury easily forgotten once the grade is made: positive discrimination an insult which rankles all through the prosperity it has contributed to.

E. H. CAMPION

8 Lawn Crescent
Richmond
Surrey

Sir, You correctly say 'an ounce of real commitment is worth a ton of Christian rhetoric', and equally correctly all too often there is a vast difference between Christian profession and practice; but there *are* Christians who are in the vanguard of the fight against racialism – Trevor Huddleston, Pauline Webb, Colin Winter, to name but three, have denounced it and its apologists in clear and unequivocal terms.

Not all Christians support the appalling racialism of the leader of the Tory Party and her followers; the best of them abhor it.

N. H. DINSHAW

La Rocquaise
St Brelade's Bay
Jersey, C.I.

Lucas Classicus

Sir, Les Huckfield's letter (Letters 3 February) underlines his Department's mishandling of the Lucas problem, and displays an abysmal knowledge of the workings of the trade union movement. For over a year Mr Huckfield has been informing fellow MPs, including Christopher Price, that meetings were taking place between Lucas management and the workforce to discuss the Lucas Aerospace workers' Corporate Plan for socially useful production. This he continued to do in spite of repeated denials, in writing, by the Combine Shop Stewards Committee that any such meetings were taking place. When, in March last year, 72 elected shop stewards from all 17 sites of Lucas Aerospace converged on the House of Commons, they made it absolutely clear to the MPs and junior ministers that no meetings were taking place. Subsequently, Jeff Rooker and Audrey Wise, with 11 of their fellow MPs, called the Lucas Directors to the House of Commons and they were told bluntly by the company that no discusions were taking place about the 'Corporate Plan', nor were they willing to have any such discussions.

When this message finally got through to Mr Huckfield, he then switched his tack and said that discussions should take place through the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions and the Company. We pursued Mr Huckfield's suggestions with the CSEU, and he has had copies of our letters to that effect. But he knows full well that no meetings have taken place. He is now apparently hiding behind the fact that no structures exist in the trade union movement for meetings with multinational, multi-site, multi-union companies. It is clear to us that Lucas now interpret the DoI's inactivity as a licence to embark on further sackings. They have reduced the workforce by 1,000 over the last year (in addition to 5,000 since 1970) and are now planning a further 4,000 sackings! We have documentary evidence that we have pursued all the steps proposed by Mr Huckfield and his colleagues, but to no avail. We now want to know what specific steps the DoI intends taking to support us in preventing the sacking of a further 4,000 of some of the most highly skilled engineers in Britain. Otherwise we shall have to conclude that the Government is powerless when confronted with a subtly aggressive and intransigent multinational.

ERNIE SCARBROW
Secretary

Lucas Aerospace Combine
Shop Stewards Committee
86 Mellow Lane East
Hayes, Middlesex

Operation Coldstore

Sir, While the British (government, press, media) attitude toward the carryings-on of fascistic regimes in the Third World today usually takes on a detached 'other-worldly' sanctimony, I would like to take this opportunity to remind your readers of the 15th Anniversary of 'Operation Coldstore' on 2 February 1963. On that date in Singapore, then still a British colony, the Internal Security Council of Singapore ordered the arrest of over 130 persons. Among them were political leaders, trade unionists, student leaders, and journalists, all imprisoned without trial. Their only 'crime' was their opposition to the terms under which Singapore was to merge with 'Malaysia', a neo-colonial creation by Britain to protect her interests in the area. Let me stress that these leaders articulated their opposition totally within the constitutional framework and that is why they have never been charged. Among the arrested were founder members of the Peoples Action Party (PAP), and they had come to power with the active support of the workers of Singapore. It was only by this shameless bushwhacking by Lee Kuan Yew and his British commissars, over the backs of these proven patriots, that Lee has managed to ride the crests of Britannia's waves.

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The knife-like precision of the operation on the morning of 2 February 1963 (note its sardonic code name), characterised all that British colonial administration was capable of perpetrating against her colonial subjects, both in Singapore and Malaya; 15 years later, some of these leaders – Said Zahari (newspaper editor), Dr Lim Hok Siew, Dr Pow Soo Kai (founder members of the PAP), Lee Tse Tong (trade unionist), Ho Piow (student leader) – are some of the detainees *still* in prison. 'Operation Coldstore' remains the damned spot Britain cannot wash away. It provides an unmistakable link between neo-colonialism and the preceding colonial period of blatant repression, i.e. the exploitative economic relationship remains the same, only that the political gore is left in the hands of local custodians.

'Human Rights', the current catchword in international politics (to characterise its absence in the non-Western regimes), has a hollow, hypocritical ring to it when we uncover all the political-economic realities behind neo-colonialism. Besides the physical fact of imprisonment, detainees in Singapore and Malaysia suffer harassment and torture (most of them are Amnesty International's 'prisoners of conscience'). Lee Kuan Yew for example 'neutralised' his brilliant and popular rival, Lim Chin Siong, by creating the conditions (solitary confinement, no reading or writing material, the feeding of drugs) that could only lead to a person's destruction.

'Operation Coldstore' was then highly instrumental in entrenching Britain's protégé, Lee, when the constitutional Left was in the ascendancy. Under his regime, Singapore has become a paradise for foreign companies: huge profits are made at the expense of the Singapore workers, whose wages are about a fifth of the average British worker. All public expression of protest is systematically stifled; the Internal Security Act allows indefinite detention without trial; students entering tertiary institutions of education require clearance from the Special Branch in the form of 'suitability certificates'; newspapers and the media are government-controlled; workers have no right to strike or organise except for the government-controlled trade unions.

Dr Poh Soo Kai's message to the British public is clear:

> Britain therefore has full responsibility at least morally for their continued detention. No amount of legalistic arguments can remove Britain's moral responsibility. The British government, not having expressed an opinion, continues to share the responsibility for their continued detention.

QUOIS D. GOOK BRYAN ROBERTS
PAUL KELEMEN SEAN DAMER
TEODOR SHANIN HAMZA ALAVI

Faculty of Economic and Social Studies
University of Manchester

Famine in Laos

Sir, We should like to bring to the attention of your readers disturbing reports in the British and American press and the *Far Eastern Economic Review* on the serious rice famine threatening the small South East Asian country of Laos. Following a rice-growing season of drought and then floods, a plague of locust has further damaged the meagre crop. As a result, official United Nations estimates suggest that the country will be able to supply only half its rice needs in the 12 months to come.

Laos is a country with few marketable resources and almost no funds with which to purchase the grain it needs. Although its population is small (3 million) compared with Vietnam or Cambodia, the country was devastated during the long Indochina war. The British connection with Laos, of course, derives from our co-chairmanship with the USSR of the Geneva Conference of 1962 on Laos which set the course for the political settlement of the divided country's problems. The Lao government has appealed to the United Nations for assistance in this emergency. The response may, unfortunately, prove to be inadequate. We very much hope that on broad humanitarian grounds, your readers may wish to contribute something towards the purchase of rice. Christian Aid also intends to respond to this emergency, and contributions may be sent to them, earmarked 'Laos Famine Relief' at PO Box 1, London, SW19 8BH. £5 will provide a survival ration of rice for a family of four for a period of one month.

JOHN LLOYD
Former Ambassador to Laos
85 Semley Road
London SW16

Stranger than Faction

Sir, I think Russell Davies in his television review last week of 'Terror International' on BBC-1, is incorrect in assuming that the German Red Army Fraction should in fact be known as the German Red Army Faction. Fraction it is, meaning a part of the whole. I am advised that 'Faction' used in this context is either slipshod or a deliberate attempt to infer that the group may be small or isolated.

TOM MANGOLD

BBC
Lime Grove Studios
London W12

Terrible Laughter

Sir, In his review of *Laughter* by Peter Barnes (NS 3 February) Benedict Nightingale wonders at the reasoning behind the title 'because it doesn't provoke it and isn't really about it'.

If one adds an 's' to 'laughter', the reason for the title is immediately made apparent: the play is about slaughter, either by Ivan the Terrible or by the Nazis.

TIM JARVIS

Brasenose College
Oxford

Ireland's Electric Shock

Sir, May I draw your readers' attention to current proposals which would extend the use of the Payments for Debt Act in Northern Ireland to recover from Social Security benefits, arrears relating to electricity and gas? This Act was introduced to recover money withheld in the rent and rates strike which followed the introduction of internment in 1971. To all intents and purposes, the strike ended some years ago, and rather than rescind the legislation, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland is proposing to extend its use to recover arrears connected to fuel debts. The Act has no parallel, indeed would never find a place, in British social policy. While arrears are being deducted from Social Security benefits at source, the individual has no right to exceptional needs payments, or to rent and rates rebates. On the contrary, he is subjected to a 50p per week collection charge.

The Northern Ireland Housing Executive Household Survey (1976) found that in Northern Ireland,

> 35 per cent of heads of households have net weekly incomes of £25 or less; that more than 150,000 households are living with resources below needs level, and that the poor, the elderly, and the sick are heavily concentrated in the worst quality dwellings.

A number of recent government reports, The House Condition Survey, the Household Survey, the Areas of Special Social Need Report, and the Annual Report of the Northern Ireland Supplementary Benefits Commission have all plainly depicted the acute poverty which exists in Northern Ireland. The Benefits Commission Report confirmed that at the end of 1976 the cost of gas to the consumer in Northern Ireland was three times higher than in London, and the cost of electricity about 15 per cent higher.

The facts now are that many poople, particularly those in all-electric dwellings, cannot afford to pay their fuel bills, or are afraid to use their heating systems fully. It is disturbing to see that the response of the Labour movement to this problem is to use the poorest people of the poorest region of the UK for a retrograde experiment in social policy.

DEREK ALCORN

65 Rugby Road
Belfast

Will Hay

Sir, When Will Hay, the comedian, died in 1949, a book open beside him contained this passage:

> For each one of us there comes a moment when death takes us by the hand and says: 'It is time to rest; you are tired; lie down and sleep; sleep well.' The day is gone and stars shine in the canopy of eternity.

As the authors of a biography of Will Hay (to be published by Barrie and Jenkins) we are trying to identify the pasage, which is inscribed on Hay's grave in the Garden of Remembrance at Streatham. Can anyone help?

RAY SEATON
ROY MARTIN

Sandiford House
Giggetty Lane
Wombourne, Staffs.

First with the News

Sir, It may suit Anthony Howard's prejudices to believe that the first reports of a hardening in Tory immigration policy were leaked to 'carefully selected Sunday newspapers' (NS 3 February).

However, the truth is that the story was in no way leaked to us, and the only other newspaper concerned is already on record with a denial that it was leaked there. Our disclosure was the result of good journalism: the sort that, unlike Mr Howard's, checks its facts before screeching into print.

BERNARD SHRIMSLEY
Editor

News of the World
London EC4

Not Just the Young

Sir, I sympathise with Craig Brown (University Forum, 3 February) who finds that now he's old enough to do what he used to be too young to do, nobody's doing it any more.

My retirement is coming close, the time I looked forward to when I could throw away suits and ties and grow my hair and a beard. And what's happening? Short hair is back, with three-piece suits, and the hippy look is out.

R. ERNEST

7 Rosecroft Avenue
London NW3

Fine Point

Sir, Even if you are illiterate, some of your correspondents are not, and resent being made to appear so.

'Double entendre' was once French, though it no longer is. 'Double-entendres' never was: therefore no italics.

JAMES R. LITTLE

190 Ferry Road
Edinburgh

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Christopher Hill

He For God In Her

Milton and Sex by EDWARD LE COMTE *Macmillan* £6.95

'Milton and sex,' said the man in the train, looking over my shoulder as I read; 'about as plausible as Wordsworth and humour.' He looked an intellectual type, but he had fallen for a vulgar error. The belief that Milton was a killjoy Puritan and male chauvinist pig precisely illustrates H. L. Mencken's definition of a platitude: it is universally admitted, and it is not true.

Milton's contemporaries called him a libertine, even before he published pamphlets advocating divorce for incompatibility of temperament. At Cambridge, Milton had been called upon to make bawdy speeches at undergraduate parties, and he complied with gusto. That might have happened to any of us, but Milton kept his speeches and published them 40 years later. 'Full of sex' is Tillyard's description of one of his early elegies. When Milton published his first volume of poems in 1645 he apologised for their eroticism.

On his trip to Italy in 1638-9 Milton struck up a friendship with the poet Malatesti, who dedicated a volume of sonnets to him. They were very indecent, full of sexual double entendres. Victorian commentators assumed that Milton must have been horrified. But in fact he continued to send friendly greetings to Malatesti; and in pamphlets of the 1650s against slanderers of the English republic Milton indulged in a Rabelaisian riot of sexual insult and innuendo in which, it is said, he copied some of Malatesti's techniques. (Professor Le Comte usefully elucidates some of these obscene puns.) Back in London in the early 1640s Milton from time to time went out for 'a gaudy day' in the company of 'young sparks' from Gray's Inn, 'the beaux of those times'. Milton smoked, drank, wore a sword while he retained his sight, visited the theatre. Sir Peter Wentworth, denounced by Oliver Cromwell as a 'whoremaster', was a friend who left Milton £100 in his will.

So there is plenty of evidence for saying that Milton was not a traditional Puritan. Professor Le Comte marshals it convincingly in this short, succinct and convincing book. Milton was, 'contrary to the popular impression, outspoken about sexual matters'. Professor Le Comte illustrates the point by analysing a passage from *Comus* which is so outspoken that its clear physical implications had simply been missed.

Professor Le Comte persuasively relates Milton's writings to his biography. Milton's relationship with Charles Diodati seems to have been the most important in his early life. Professor Le Comte is sceptical of suggestions that Milton had a suppressed homosexual passion for Diodati, who died when the poet was 30 years old. The *Epitaphium Damonis* which Milton wrote to his memory is full of passion, culminating in an extraordinary passage where Milton envisages Diodati in heaven, taking part 'for ever in the immortal marriage rite . . . when the festal orgies rave in Bacchic frenzy'. Two years later Milton – who had hitherto thought chastity a necessary part of his preparation to become a great poet – announced that he was contemplating matrimony. In June 1642 he went to Oxfordshire to collect a debt owed to his moneylending father, and came back married to the debtor's daughter.

It was the first bad mistake of his life. We do not know what went wrong, or how; but within a few weeks Mary Powell was back at her Oxfordshire home, ostensibly on a short visit. She refused to return. The outbreak of civil war severed communications, and the royalist Powells would not think any the better of Milton for his passionate propagandising on Parliament's behalf. Milton had for years been speculating about divorce. He had high ideals of marriage based on love and companionship; the corollary was divorce when love was lacking. Milton argued the case in general terms in a series of pamphlets, carefully avoiding stressing his personal problems. Prohibition of divorce, he suggested, was one of many popish errors too easily accepted by the Church of England. Milton was delighted to find numerous early protestant reformers agreeing with him, but his pamphlets were greeted with embarrassed hostility by orthodox Puritans, and with glee by royalists, who had always known that the bishops' enemies were secret libertines. Conventional Puritans considered adultery the only conceivable ground for divorce; but Milton dismissed 'casual adultery' as 'but a transient injury', 'soon repented, soon amended', in which 'nothing is given from the husband which he misses', and which 'can be forgiven once and again'. Milton even suggested that women might sometimes be men's superiors, and that they might sometimes initiate divorce proceedings.

During Mary's three years' absence there was a mysterious Miss Davis whom Milton thought of marrying – presumably bigamously. The Powells somehow got wind of this in 1645. The civil war was virtually over, and the Powells were in financial difficulties. One day Mary suddenly reappeared, threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged him to take her back. Whether or not he hesitated (as Milton's nephew suggested), 'his own generous nature . . . and . . . the strong intercession of friends' persuaded him to comply.

It was a second, more disastrous mistake. Sentimental biographers have argued that the Miltons lived happily ever after, but the evidence is against them. Milton was saddled with the feckless and bankrupt Mr Powell, the domineering Mrs Powell and five or six Powell children. The poet did his best to sort out their finances, getting no thanks from Mrs Powell. Mary's first child was a cripple with a speech defect; and there were two other daughters. The only son died at the age of 15 months. In public Milton was stoical. To an Italian friend he revealed that his in-laws 'all but plague me to death'. In the four years after Mary's return Milton published nothing. He was writing his *History of Britain*, in which he went out of his way to denounce women rulers. Was he thinking of his mother-in-law? Mary's failure to live up to his doubtless too high expectations shattered Milton's idol of marriage. But it did not prevent him marrying twice more, after Mary's death in 1652. His second wife died in childbed after 15 months of apparent great happiness: she is almost certainly the 'late espoused saint' of Milton's unbearably poignant sonnet. The romantic love of Adam for Eve in *Paradise Lost* probably recalls her.

One of the astonishing things about *Paradise Lost* is indeed the extent to which the old, blind and defeated poet clung to his convictions, sexual as well as political. Love was 'not in Paradise to be resisted' he had declared in 1644. Dr P. W. Thomas refers to 'the frank eroticism of some of the descriptions of the naked Eve' and Professor Broadbent to *Paradise Lost* as 'probably the last piece of imaginative literature before *Jude the Obscure* to treat sexuality in serious practical detail'. 'A life without sexual union is not worth living,' Professor Le Comte sums up. Adam and Eve made love in Paradise before the Fall – 'whatever hypocrites austerely think', Milton added for the benefit of 'Puritans' who thought sex must be a post-lapsarian activity. Milton's angels not only eat, digest and excrete: they blush, and interpenetrate sexually, though in a suitably angelic manner. Were their relationships monogamous? One of the few points that Professor Le Comte misses is that the great hymn to wedded love in Book IV specifically includes polygamy.

Nevertheless, 'the vulgar charge of misogyny remains'. In *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* 'two angry husbands speak out, and behind them there may be an embittered third'. Professor Le Comte is particularly good at sorting this out. At the time of writing *Paradise Lost* Milton seems to have been very happy with his third wife. Once we accept that he was not a woman-hater it is reasonable to note the dramatic function of the 'misogynistic' passages. Adam's denunciation of Eve after the Fall must be set against his adulation of her earlier; Samson's tirade against all women through Dalila is both Biblical and necessary to the plot. 'Milton in fact . . . lessens the burden on Dalila by having Samson blame himself', with no Biblical authority. In *Paradise Lost* Milton followed *Genesis* in holding Eve responsible for the Fall: that she took the initiative in leading Adam to repentance and reconciliation is Milton's invention. Everybody remembers 'He for God only, she for God in him', which repeats a 17th-century (and

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Biblical) commonplace: that Eve was capable of intellectual conversation about astronomy is Milton's own idea. So is the Archangel's give-away line to Adam about Eve: 'she who sees thee when thou art seen least wise.'

Professor Le Comte has packed a great deal of wise comment into this brief and witty book. His conclusions are based on careful analysis of the evidence, where many very respectable Milton commentators have been bemused by their preconceptions. As he sadly observes, 'for centuries the topic "Milton and Women" has generated more heat than light'. It would be nice to think that this excellent book would end the debate, but Milton-baiting dies as hard as prepossessions about 'Puritans'. A final bonus: the dust-jacket has a superb illustration (after Cranach) of a semi-nude Eve, all breasts and apples and serpent, with an inscrutably quizzical look. The book is appropriately dedicated to the artist, 'my wife Mia'.

Russell Davies

Pass the Salt

George S. Kaufman and the Algonquin Round Table by SCOTT MEREDITH *George Allen & Unwin* £6.95

There are at least two opinions about the talent of George S. Kaufman, but only one about his face. It was a site for sore eyes, and a nose of such remarkable wedgy design that it presented the same triangular aspect from every quarter. Some particularly obstinate outcrop of Mount Rushmore might perhaps have done justice to the nose of George S. Kaufman – but he had no political ambition. He was a playwright; though the question at once arises whether that term does not over-emphasise the craftsmanship in Kaufman at the expense of the tradesman.

Literary critics were not in doubt on this matter. Of *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, Edmund Wilson wrote:

> Kaufman's comedy was stupid enough; and it was slightly offensive, like most of his things, because it was an exploitation by an expert contriver of curtains and exploder of firecracker laughs of an idea that had better possibilities.

This complaint has its element of unreasonable exasperation – after all, it's up to the man who can properly exploit an idea to be the first to have it – but you can sense that Wilson's frustration is real. It becomes more real again when you read Wilson's sometime wife, Mary McCarthy, on the subject of Kaufman. There are five references to him in Ms McCarthy's collected theatre reviews, and the most complimentary is the one that contrasts 'a playwright who – to be frank – cannot write' (Eugene O'Neill) with the 'oily virtuosity' of (first on a short list) George Kaufman. The least complimentary occurs in a paragraph castigating a play of Ruth Gordon's: 'It is dull, rough stuff done in what appears to be the atelier of George Kaufman; there is not the slightest respect paid to character, on which comedy after all is founded.' Missing the S. out of Kaufman's name, incidentally, was probably intentional policy on Ms McCarthy's part, since George had put the initial there specially, for reasons of balance, rhythm, euphony, mystery and so on.

I mention these adverse opinions because they are there, though their existence is barely acknowledged by Mr Meredith in this new biography. Perhaps more was said when the book really was new, which was 1974. The American edition of that date was somewhat longer, and was called *George S. Kaufman and His Friends*. All that can be said for the much less appropriate title of the present abridgment is that the publishers are quite correct in assuming there is more public interest here in the affairs of the Algonquin Round Table than there is in the friends of George Kaufman, with or without an S. Interested parties should note, however, that the pages of this book dealing at all concentratedly with mealtimes at the notorious Hotel number only 20; and that several of these drift off into the doings of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, which retired upstairs of a Saturday afternoon to play poker.

What happened downstairs at the Algonquin is not hard to imagine, though impossible to reconstruct. It is worth bearing in mind the testimony of Clare Boothe Luce, who didn't like the lunches. She found them too competitive. 'You couldn't say "Pass the salt", without somebody trying to turn it into a pun or trying to top it.' This sounds horribly likely. Then there was the additional hazard of Dorothy Parker. Of the few one-liners that are actually traceable back to the Table itself, a high proportion are hers; and when they aren't a touch laborious ('Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom. I really have to telephone, but I'm too embarrassed to say so') they must often have been upsetting to the general digestion – along the lines of her favourite reply to people checking up on her attendance record at cultural events: 'I've been too fucking busy and vice versa.'

George S. Kaufman did not approve of such coarseness, but he had reason to be shy of it. He had an unusual sexual problem. Perhaps they all did. Alexander Woollcott, for example, was impotent. (He was probably sterile as well, since he had had a bad case of mumps at the age of 22.) Ring Lardner did manage to father four sons – he called them his four grandsons because they cost him four grand a year in school fees – but for reasons undiscoverable he hated himself enough to drink and starve himself to death. What Kaufman had was an unavailable wife. A few days after the birth of their stillborn child, Beatrice Kaufman told George that sex between them was finished. He was forced to give expression to his ardour elsewhere; and as the years passed, the number of elsewheres he managed to locate and colonise surpassed even the exaggerated prognostications of his more sardonic friends.

His appetite for sex thus regularly assuaged, Kaufman found that chaste cohabitation with Beatrice still left him with an appetite for the give-and-take of marriage. This he relieved in work. He became the great collaborator. All his best work was done in harness with Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Lardner, Morrie Ryskind and Moss Hart – a younger man who eventually needed psychoanalysis to help him out from under his surrogate father's influence. His most conspicuous failures were written with Woollcott, one of the few non-Jews among the play-mates of his mature years; but this was probably no more than an accident. The point was, surely, that Kaufman always needed someone to edit. He had an editor's temperament, poor fellow. True he was famously immoderate in his manner towards those he despised, or those with whom the exchange of insults was a form of comradeliness; and in his endlessly tempestuous dealings with waiters and taxi-drivers, two classes of being he had written off almost before he could give employment to either; and also, discreetly, in his sexual gambolling. But he was otherwise rather repressed and pessimistic, substituting mock-dudgeon and wisecracks for emotion. By New York theatrical and journalistic standards, this made him a restraining influence. He drank, by the same standards, virtually nothing, washed his hands obsessively, and had a horror of being touched, at least in public. A typical editor, as you can see.

All these restraints were bound to burst forth somewhere into a kind of ruthlessness, but Kaufman seems to have directed his surplus aggressions entirely into his aptitude for tailoring and cutting scripts. Everybody's scripts – his own, his current partner's, and those of the scribes working under him at the drama department of the *New York Times*. Kaufman was a full-time revisionist. Whenever the cry went up 'Is there a play-doctor in the house?', Kaufman was the first to be phoned. Hence the reverence in which he was held, and the decay of his reputation now. He was probably unique among his lively-arts contemporaries in being venerated – not exclusively, but very purely – for his technique. The *New Yorker* crowd, to take a contrasting example, were clever craftsmen and well aware of their own processes of production, but it was for their *fantaisie* that they were prized. At their best, they made impossible comedy live; Kaufman, more prosaic, made it *work*.

His objection to Mary McCarthy's evaluation does not take much inventing. Comedy is not based on character, he would have snarled, but on laughs. This is a philosophy with which the American entertainment industry has since fallen arse-over-Oscar in love. I suspect that it really was Kaufman who started the whole thing off, by concocting *The Cocoanuts* (*sic*) and *Animal Crackers* for the Marx Brothers. 'I'd as

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soon write a show for the Barbary apes' was his first reaction to the task in prospect, but he buckled down, as a man like Kaufman will, and finally came up with the desired ragbag. There has been very little unity of tone in American comedy since that day. 'What's the use of unity of tone?' comes another snarl from beyond the no doubt expensive grave in which Kaufman was laid in 1961. There are many answers to this, but the one that you'd expect to appeal to Kaufman is that it makes things easier all round, for both writer and spectator. Gags in a comic unity do not have to compete with one another, nor do they force the audience minutely to adjust, with every laugh, the terms in which the drama is being worked out (a process which eventually tires audiences into thinking less, not more). With a Kaufman play, and the plays – particularly screenplays – of his many inheritors, it is all too easy to say without fear of widespread contradiction which is the best line in the script.

George S. Kaufman's judgment was at best abrupt. 'I saw the play under bad conditions,' he once wrote. 'The curtain was up.' But the judgment of posterity is letting him down gently. Mr Scott Meredith's statistics (though they fit too cosily into a cosy book; Mr Meredith is an agent, and evaluates quantitively) speak for themselves:

> In a typical season, for example – 1969-70 – only three other authors received more productions of their plays in the United States, and they were all 'classic' playwrights: Shakespeare, Shaw, and Chekhov. Kaufman tied with Molière for fourth place.

In the circumstances, well done Molière.

Alan Ryan

Kid Gloves

Delinquent Fantasies by PATRICIA MORGAN
Temple Smith £7.50

Delinquent Fantasies is rather a brave title for a book written in such an angry and high-pitched tone. Patricia Morgan is quite aware that her horror of adolescent violence and destructiveness, and her distress at what they are doing to city life, will seem to some of her readers to express nothing more rational than a timid lady's fantasies about the imminence of assault. She certainly gives a wild enough characterisation of her intellectual enemies. References to 'the aristocratic crankiness of the Russell clique, with its hiking, biking, nudity and pacificism', or the claim that 'the intellectual pedigree of progressive education' simultaneously contains the fatal genes of 'Annie Besant and the Theosophy movement, Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Science, Phrenology, or indeed Freud and Psychoanalysis' come close to suggesting that she has paranoid delusions about the power that an intellectual conspiracy has been wielding behind her back.

In letting rip like this, she does herself no justice. Most of *Deliquent Fantasies* amounts to an extremely efficient demolition-job on fancy theories about delinquency, and on the muddled practice of recent governments in coping with it. The 'fantasies' she is gunning for are those of two sorts of writer above all. The first group is one she has already assailed in *Child Care; Sense and Fable*; they are the child psychologists who trace most, or all, of the adolescents' misbehaviour to maternal deprivation. Generally speaking, Miss Morgan has one knock-down objection to all theories of delinquency which tie it to early failures of loving family relationships: this is that an anti-social family can lovingly and tenderly rear its offspring to be loyal children and anti-social beasts. Maternal deprivation in particular is much overrated as a cause of later criminality; those who believe in it have never been able to isolate *its* impact from whatever failures of moral education probably surround it; they have ignored the striking fact that time alone, and whatever pressures adult life brings with it, works 'cures' upon the juvenile delinquent's character that psychotherapy never does, cures that the psychoanalytic theory in which accounts of maternal deprivation are embedded is powerless to explain. She is properly sceptical about the belief that psychological health is inconsistent with the mischievous urges which lead to delinquency, and is entirely at ease with the thought that crime needs stopping rather than curing. Her motto is taken from that splendid passage in which Hobbes observes that 'all men, because they are born in infancy are born unapt for society . . . wherefore man is made fit for society not by nature but by education'. And, like Hobbes, she thinks that families and schools get children to behave in a sociable and unaggressive fashion by training them, not by liberating their underlying selves.

The other victims of Miss Morgan's neatly wielded hatchet are the assorted radical criminologists and their friends who concentrate on the role of the media in blowing up violence into a 'social problem'. She goes for Paul Wiles and Stuart Hall in particular. When Wiles points out that the mere fact that assaults cause injury is not enough to explain our concentration on them, seeing that car crashes and a host of unreported accidents do as much, she is withering; after the mild observation that there are lots of reasons for distinguishing accidents and deliberate acts of violence, and that we should be equally alarmed if a disease had spread at the pace of violence and vandalism in the past ten years, she can't help wondering how happy the criminological Left is with the suggestion that we shouldn't bother overmuch about political repression in Chile, seeing that the Generals have almost certainly done in far fewer people than accidents have.

It is not by any means an entirely hostile job, however. Miss Morgan evidently shares the displeasure of her opponents with the muddling of judicial and therapeutic arrangements in the Children and Young Persons Act of 1969. Being *compulsorily* 'cured' is, and cannot help being seen as, a kind of punishment. A concern for liberty and for individual character is not best

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advanced by thrusting people into ambiguous relationships with social workers.

She is entirely un-utopian in her hopes, too. There is no cure for deliquency – first, because it isn't an illness, and second because the extent to which adolescents can be stopped from bashing people and smashing property is entirely a question of how much effort is devoted to it. If parents regard the moral training of the child as a matter for the school, while schools regard discipline as a dirty word, they will simply conspire to create adolescents who run wild. And, in any society, there will be awkward questions about the difficult balance to be struck between the adult need for safety and a decent environment and the demands of childish high spirits. There will always be such questions, because delinquency is quite as *ordinary* as is good behaviour. Miss Morgan follows the sociologist David Matza in stressing the normality of the juvenile delinquent; it *is* fun to steal cars, and to heave bricks through windows, and youths who do such things are indeed having fun, and not making a point about the inequitable distribution of wealth and income. In the interests of intellectual order, it would have been better if Miss Morgan had *always* made it clear when she is writing about crime in general and when about juvenile delinquency in particular. But that is a small failing in what is otherwise an engaging mixture of perceptiveness, common sense and outrage, both moral and intellectual.

Hermione Lee

Sore Eyes

The Pargiters by VIRGINIA WOOLF edited with an introduction by Mitchell A. Leaska *Hogarth Press* £6.50

There seems no end to it. Every single piece of paper written on by Virginia Woolf which was not thrown away or used for lavatory paper by the parsimonious Leonard is doomed to be published. The *Diaries* and *Letters* will not dry up until 1981; neglected trifles pour from the manuscripts in Sussex and New York; and now an early version of *The Years* is resuscitated by Mitchell Leaska from heavily corrected manuscripts with scrupulous, reverential care, intended 'to provide the reader with . . . a slow-moving picture of Virginia Woolf – unobserved and uncensored – during those vibrant moments of creation'.

The confidence of editor and publishers is staggering. Is there really an enthusiastic public waiting to fall upon a rejected version, with all its revisions laboriously transcribed, of a little-read, minor, uncertain novel? Such excavations might be worthwhile for *To the Lighthouse*. But it is hard to believe that the flat, loose, prosaic style of *The Years* would be of much interest to Leaska's 'teachers of creative writing, specialists in rhetoric, analysts of style and even practitioners in psychology'. Take a sentence like this (Virginia Woolf's deletions are italicised in brackets): 'The (*trees*) (*grass looked so go grown*) turf beneath the window (*was*) looked (*half transparent*) unnatural, like water.' Many pages of this make for sore eyes: one can only be thankful that the original plan that the Pargiters' saga should run from 1880 to 2023 was curtailed.

However, the plan's ambitiousness is impressive, and a convincing answer to those who view *The Years* as a retrogression towards the more conventional *Night and Day*. By no means: it was, characteristically, an attempt to alter fictional norms by interspersing chapters on family life (the first of which is a masterly piece of naturalism) with didactic, factual essays on the predicament of women. The abandonment of this plan (in favour of two books, the fictional *Years* and the propagandist *Three Guineas*) was partly the result of despair at its unmanageable length. But it also points to Virginia Woolf's central problem in trying to write a political novel. The *Diary* repeatedly refers, during the Thirties, to her dislike of propagandist fiction: 'I have a horror of the Aldous novel.' This edition now makes it clear that the original inspiration for *The Years* was a didactic one, and stems from the 1931 lecture, 'Professions for Women', with its famous passage on the Angel in the House and her inhibiting effect on the woman writer. The novel was planned as an illustration of those inhibitions, and the essays were to be twofold commentaries, on the restricting situations of the women in the novel, and of the woman novelist. As accounts of the sexual repression, financial pauperism, ignorance and social constrictions of girls in middle-class Victorian homes they are informed and spirited:

> For any of them to walk in the West End even by day was out of the question. Bond Street was as impassable, save with their mother, as any swamp alive with crocodiles . . . To be seen alone in Piccadilly was equivalent to walking up Abercorn Terrace in a dressing gown carrying a bath sponge.

But how hard she found it to write factually! Images and anecdotes keep bursting in, so that large parts of the essays are indistinguishable from the fictional chapters. With the removal of the essays, any modicum of hard fact vanishes from the novel, and a fervently committed political statement is made to work entirely through impressions and images.

If we want to read Virginia Woolf as an active feminist, this vagueness is regrettable. But the final version is truer to the frustrations which it describes, though it loses the achieved, confident quality of *A Room of One's Own*, which gets the balance between fact and fiction exactly right. By refusing to be the 'Aldous' novel – masculine, didactic – *The Years* handicaps itself in the same way that its female characters, in bondage to the masculine world, are handicapped. And, indeed, frustration and censorship are very much the subject of the essays. The chapters describe girls and young men who are sexually embarrassed and ignorant; the essays comment on the novelist's inability to be outspoken about this. But they are themselves repressed, in that they talk about masturbation, homosexuality and self-exposure without being able to use those words. Both in its own structure and language, and in its treatment of life, *The Pargiters* is a painful record of difficulty and denial. The jolly pink cover of hearts and flowers which Angelica Garnett has provided for it seems peculiarly inapt.

Eric Sams

Concert Pitch

A Confidential Matter: The Letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig, 1931-1935 translated by Max Knight with a foreword by Edward E. Lowinsky *University of California Press* £6.75

When his librettist Hugo von Hofmannsthal died in 1929, the heart went out of Strauss the opera-composer. The whole corpus of his music testifies to his need for the vital impulse and sustenance that only words and ideas could give him. For such purposes Jewish blood had already proved ideal; as Stefan Zweig duly pointed out, the divine Mozart had chosen da Ponte. So of course Strauss was delighted when in 1931 Zweig sent him a Mozart memento and shyly proposed a musical project. But the time was sadly out of joint for a Jewish collaborator. The German musical establishment was in no position to raise a protesting voice; it was too busy kissing the fasces and licking the jackboot. Strauss also touched pitch, and was arguably not undefiled; but at least it was only relative pitch. Of course his attitude to the regime has been condemned by the zealots; and no doubt he was less concerned with government than royalties. But he must also be credited with his loyalties: to the art of music, to his own past and future masterpieces, to his Jewish daughter-in-law and grandchildren, and to his Jewish friends, including his publishers and librettists. His

Tom Paulin

Prayer

Your whitewashed bedroom.
'It's fierce in the mornings.'

Cold blue
tightening to a shrill lyric.

A misted mirror,
a poster showing a yellow wheel.

Dear girl,
now that I've kissed you,

I stare at it
and pray to be cut free

from merciless
possessions, the angers that desire them.

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genuine naïveté is either nakedly apparent or readily inferable from this correspondence. Stefan Zweig was rather unlikely to be reassured by learning that he had been under Nazi surveillance while in London; or that German opera was to be reformed with the help of Hans Hinkel, who at the time was busy removing Jews from musical life, and Dr Goebbels, whose responsibilities were already far greater.

But what of Zweig's own attitude? He was in his early fifties, 20 years younger than Strauss; and his opposition to Hitler consisted largely of remaining pointedly silent and aloof, first in Austria and later in exile. His text for *Die schweigsame Frau*, too freely adapted from Ben Johnson's *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman*, seems to reflect his own hatred of noise or disturbance, whether domestic or political. It gave Strauss no real heart but at best a brisk pace-maker for a charming and chiming musical box of tricks. The background correspondence contains much material for study and speculation, especially about the craft of opera-composition. But the foreword's claim of parity in this respect with the Strauss-Hofmannsthal letters sounds to me too much like sales-talk. Such an approach may well be counter-productive. Prospective purchasers will have to study the small print very closely to discover that these over-priced 120 pages offer little more than a straight translation, editorial notes and all, of a text that has been widely available in German, and discussed in every European language, for over 20 years. The invented title seems more than a little misleading in the circumstances. Again, most of the foreword is just run up from existing material; but its bibliography fails to cover any of the relevant English Strauss scholarship (Mann, del Mar, Kennedy, *et al*). Much of it is mere quotation from the letters we are about to read, a procedure which seems wilfully designed to increase the price rather than the value. The translation itself presumably aims only at conveying a general drift – in the wrong direction, in my view. Even its first line manages to reduce a deliberately formal phrase to one single word.

Nor is it only the economy that is false; so, I think, are several of the impressions given. For example Strauss's famous and much-quoted complaint about Zweig's intractability, 'Da soll man nicht Antisemit werden!' is rendered as 'Enough to make an anti-Semite of a man!', which transposes the tone from the ruefully flat to the querulously sharp. In the very next sentence, six highly significant words have been silently omitted; and so on. There is far too much of this damaging tendency to replace strict and careful translation by loose and casual paraphrase, sometimes into oddly unidiomatic English, such as 'I experienced a special and incredible trouble'. No such trouble has been experienced in preparing this book. There are too few editorial notes for English readers (e.g. correcting Strauss's misattributions); there are too many misprints; there is no index. It is a book for those readers, if any, who are intensely interested in Strauss or Zweig, but have no German to speak of or read in, and who aren't much bothered about niceties of style or sense.

Eric Korn

Chances Are

A Dictionary of Common Fallacies by PHILIP WARD *Oleander Press* £6.95

Mundus vult decipi: it's such fun to be wrong, but really wrong. In Mexico City, freelance guides explain that their pyramids are the same age and latitude as the Gizeh chaps (1,000 miles and three millennia out), that there are no nearby signs of human habitation, and that Quetzalcoatl couldn't have been a Viking, as is widely thought, because he was a man of peace and the Vikings brought atomic energy to America. Why not go to the anthropological museum, I asked, which is free and stuffed with non-mysterious artefacts and intelligent simplifications? Because that's what you lot want to hear; you didn't come all this way for junk you can get out of any encyclopaedia, but to have your mind broadened so far it leaks.

These aren't lies or myths, which at least do some good to someone. And they aren't to be perforated by blunt assertion. So Philip Ward ('for the benefit of those still frightened of the dark . . . THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A GHOST') has mistaken his style. His *sottisier*, in the tradition of Mencke, Mackay, Bergen Evans and Martin Gardner, is amusing enough but over-assured, dogmatic and impatient – as you would expect from a man with 30-odd books published in ten years, including *Spanish Literary Appreciation, Come With Me to Ireland*, and *Indonesia; The Development of a National Library Service*.

He covers both formal fallacies (he's weak on question-begging, easier to commit than define) and the secondary sense of a variety of received ideas that he doesn't approve of. Some of them aren't ideas (e.g. popular, and by question-begging definition incorrect, use of words like *aisle* and *banister*), some of them are hardly received: 'the Dawwada people of the Libyan Sahara are worm-eaters', 'the Aurora Islands lie south-east of the Falkland Islands', 'there are no children of two Lesbian parents', 'British politics is governed by logical considerations'.

It's instructive (but not very) to learn of Justinus Vanetti, who argued that Adam was born with a beard ('one fallacy is, of course, that no such person as Adam ever existed. Another is that a male child could be born with a beard' is how Ward sorts him out), and of James Smith of the Mersey Harbour Board, who argued inexhaustibly that pi was exactly $3\frac{1}{8}$, none of your messy foreign irrationals for him. And it's worth taking time to struggle against the frightening global menace of von Däniken – *pace* my television colleague, I thought the BBC did a public service the other week, taking a steam-hammer to smash that iridium-plated nut. But Ward spends too long flogging dead horses (phlogiston, Annie Besant) or stillborn ones.

He also takes a flick or two at horses that are ready enough to bite back: A. L. Rowse, Arthur Koestler. The former's assertion that history resembles poetry is not refuted by citing another historian's opinion that Rowse is inaccurate (the *ad hominem* fallacy), nor the latter's claim that there are too many coincidences to be coincidental effectively rebutted by pointing out all the events which do not coincide (the statistical fallacy). Elsewhere, Ward is useful in pointing out how statistical methods designed to purify deduction may themselves generate fallacies: we all know about monkeys and typewriters and the works of Shakespeare, but someone has taken the trouble to lay the odds; it would take 10,000 monkeys (that's one kilowilderness) 150 years to get as far as 'Dear Sir' (Sonnet 146; 'Dear Sir,

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the centre of my sinful earth'). Chance alone can produce anything; chances are it won't.

I was alarmed to find Wittgenstein described as a fallacy, on the grounds that since, through Indeterminacy, we cannot know what the case is, it must be untrue that *'Die Welt ist alles, was der Fall ist'*. It's also a fallacy that 'fall' is the American word for autumn. Ward is engagingly abrupt with all kinds of supernaturalism from Fatima to Uri Geller, and politically goodhearted; it is a fallacy that fascism is dead in Germany and Italy or that black men have different blood from whites (ignoring sickle-cell anaemia factor).

We are so attached to our delusions that there is a malicious pleasure in pointing out Ward's mistakes; the Komodo Dragon is not an amphibian, and though Cambridgeshire coprolite is, indeed, a phosphatic module, and not, as originally thought, pterodactyl poo, nonetheless tyrannosaurus turds do turn up on the spades of fortunate palaeontologists, and coprolites is what they are called. Kepler may have jeered at judicial astrology, but cannot be enrolled in the ranks of the utterly rational.

I was happy to learn that it doesn't take 44 gallons of water to make a pint of beer, and that there are no such things as white elephants (they're salmon-pink, it seems). Other beliefs I shall surrender less readily – that Columbus brought back syphilis from the New World, like a GPI bride, that lemmings commit suicide, and chameleons change colour to match their backgrounds. Ward says it has to do with their feelings, the pathetic fallacy, but I've kept chameleons until they disappeared altogether. Or maybe they rushed to the sea.

This English

'Built in the 1850s, Sir John Betjeman described the pub as . . .' This enormity was heard on a recent radio programme by one of our monitors, and we take the chance to feature a couple of whopping danglers in the same style. Ms Circuit's submission bends the rules slightly but must go in all the same: it makes you want to gather the poor language in your arms and soothe it to sleep with song. Prizes accord with our companion column; paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Most of Pete's life so far has been unhappy – his father walked out at the age of two and he was brought up by his grandmother . . . 'Pete' was being interrogated about previous incidents of fire-raising by Mr Donald Farquharson, QC . . . **Christopher Price,** NS (A. Czerniawski)

☐ Next, a girl wanting to change doctors appears . . . Convinced by her reasons for wanting to switch, that she is not after a doctor she can harass, she is taken on. **Caroline Moorehead,** *The Times* (Mrs Kenneth MacIntyre)

☐ We unreservably apologise to him and withdraw all statements contained in the article which we now except were totally unjustified and without foundation. And as a mark of our sincere regret, have, at his request made a donation to charity. **A memo from** *Inner Circular*, **a London University student newspaper** (Erica Circuit)

Craig Raine

With Many Voices

Enough of Green by ANNE STEVENSON *Oxford* £2.25
A Store of Candles by FRANK ORMSBY *Oxford* £1.95
Rumours by SEAMUS DEANE *Dolmen* £2.50
The Bear Looked Over the Mountain by KIT WRIGHT *Salamander* £3.95 and £2.25
Dreams of the Dead by DAVID HARSENT *Oxford* £2.50

Poetry, Eliot dogmatised, 'is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality'. And yet, for all their variety, Eliot's poems are extraordinarily distinctive. They have a personality, as Pound recognised when he scribbled *echt* (genuine, real) against certain passages in *The Waste Land Manuscript*. Coleridge recognised the same phenomenon: 'had I met these lines,' he wrote to Wordsworth, 'running wild in the deserts of Arabia, I should have instantly screamed out "Wordsworth".' Eliot is correct only in the sense that poetry is not necessarily an expression of the *everyday* personality, with its provisional emotions, the protozoic slime from which the poem arises like Adam. But there must be a poetic personality, an intonation of the voice, which is unique.

Virtually all the poets under review are professionals, free from blunders and sure of technique. But do they have the *sine qua non* – a distinctive voice? Anne Stevenson's volume is full of pleasing things ('Fire struggles in the chimney like an animal'), yet in certain poems influential voices drown out her own, making it seem frail and a little uncertain. To be really good, you have to make yourself heard in the Hallelujah chorus. Her 'North Sea off Carnoustie' is a powerful expression of something dangerous and barely comprehensible, just beyond us on the frontiers of consciousness: 'The sea is as near as we come to another world.' It has a strong appeal, a kind of inchoate grandeur that makes our mundane certainties seem trivial. Finally, though, the oyster-catchers, 'doubtful of habitation', weeping, are replaced by a blackbird asserting individuality: '"You, you," he murmurs, dark purple in his voice.' The familiar earth is chosen, dissolution rejected, and the poem closes beautifully with the image of lighthouses as 'candles in the windows of a safe earth'.

As a poem it is accomplished and yet that 'dark purple in his voice' is *echt* Wallace Stevenson and the second stanza is too reminiscent in its line breaks of Lowell's imitation of Montale's 'Dora Markus'. 'A Summer Place' shows, in the same way, how powerful a voice Robert Frost has in comparison with that of Miss Stevenson. All the same, *Enough of Green* succeeds in that most difficult area, the love poem. 'Drought', a poem of failed love described as an arid landscape, ends with a magnificent plea for water:

> the brown of perpetual flowing where
> your hand
> thrusts white beneath the cold of sliding
> waters,
> invites, invents, forgives its own distortion,
> gripping the green of live and rooted matters.

A Store of Candles is a readable, good-natured, pleasing book from yet another Belfast poet, this time the editor of the excellent *Honest Ulsterman*. Again, though, the poetic personality is rather diffident. Take 'After Mass', which shrewdly observes the distant lust of a group of country boys for a pubescent girl. Their courtship is at once oblique ('One has re-oiled his bicycle') and hilariously direct ('another /Washed his underpants in the Slane river'). This low-key stuff is fairly typical, as is the punch-line ending: '"The thatch is on, the tenant should be in".' The double entendre is pure Frank Ormsby but the rural flavour of the image has been patented by Seamus Heaney. The poems that don't end with a dig in the ribs tend sometimes to swing into emptiness. Others are marred by technical ineptitude: a tender poem to his mother, who encouraged him to choose improvement, education and emotional exile, includes the desperate rhyme of 'sunder us' with 'blunderbuss'.

'Spot the Ball', Ormsby's best poem, shows where he might make his own distinctive mark. The jokey, anecdotal mode ('Even the goalie's crutch/Was not immune') shades deftly into the Troubles ('the full hundred crosses/Filling the sky'). At first it's difficult to see how the literal justly becomes a metaphor: after all, the hundred crucifixes are obviously an image of defeat, whereas the original crosses were images of hope. It seems a contradiction. And so it is. Could a religious war, one suddenly realises, be summed up more precisely?

Seamus Deane's *Rumours* explores a similar area, 'the connection between the realm of personal feeling and a public concern', but far less well than Ormsby. Where Ormsby's metaphor works like a magnifying glass, truth bulging clearly beneath it, Deane's metaphors act like a burglar's nylon stocking to produce a crepuscular distortion. They conceal rather than reveal. Look at what he makes of a remembered bottle of frozen school milk, arguing with it until it finally agrees to be a murky symbol of Authority. The intimidating syntax is as complicated as the grain on a shillelagh:

> It lies on the stomach yet, freezing,
> Its kindness, inhuman, has sunk
> In where up starts the feeling
> That pitches a cold in the thought
> Of authority's broken milk crystals
> On the lips of the son you begot.

Clear? 'In where up starts the feeling' – could you of a gut reaction a clearer rendition have? It's a pity, too, that so many of the rhyming poems should announce that

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Yeats is alive and not very well and living with Seamus Deane.

It's a relief to turn to Kit Wright's funny-serious book:

> I like my face in the mirror,
> I like my voice when I sing.
> My girl says it's just infatuation –
> I know it's the real thing.

If you like that, you'll like *The Bear Looked Over the Mountain*. It's a versatile, though not uniformly successful volume. The jokiness works most of the time, even if there are a fair percentage of groans among the laughs: 'Humpty Dumpty had a lean summer/Humpty Dumpty's spring was a bummer/Humpty's winter was no good at all/But Humpty Dumpty had a GREAT FALL!' Humpty as Philip Marlowe ('a tough old egg') is better:

> thinking one day
> get sapped with a teaspoon
> cornered
> in a two-bit cup

The play on 'cornered' is a fine touch, but that's it. The trouble with jokes is that they're end-stopped – when you've heard one joke, you've heard it all. The surreal joke is one solution employed by Wright, sometimes with a touch of grimness, but surrealism has its own problems – it opens things out too easily and too widely. 'Packer's Circuit', a serious poem, is a case in point. A cricket match at evening is eerily supplanted by the dead remembered by the old spectators, until 'you could believe . . . the rotten grave took spin'. But the poem runs out (to continue the metaphor) of inventiveness, settles for the Gothic Ghost making a hundred with a coffin lid, then 'ends' by returning to the beginning like a Moebius strip – hence the 'circuit' of the title; 'Packer' because corpses come from down-under. The most promising thing about the book is Wright's use of folk-song. As with Kipling, there's a song in his art, though his greatest debt is to Auden's songs and ballads. Curiously, too, those comparisons aren't entirely destructive: his serious lyrics are too resolutely innocent for my taste, but his jokes are all his own.

Film, not song, is the unique ingredient in David Harsent's mysterious *Dreams of the Dead*. 'Truce' evokes it specifically, introducing Zbigniew Cybulski in the famous scene from Wajda's *Ashes and Diamonds* where he lights glasses of brandy as a kind of requiem for his lost comrades. Harsent's book is crammed with comparably powerful images – less rhetorical perhaps, but focused to a hard edge and convincingly lucid in their enigmatic contexts: at a graveside,

> My youngest child
> stamps tiny cleated footprints
> along your neat verge.

But what are the promised narratives about? Motifs are repeated; there is the odd snatch of authentic but baffling dialogue; images glitter unforgettably. But the rest is silence. It's rather like a series of stills from Bergman or *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad*.

Take 'Truce', for instance. Despite the limpid melancholy of the couple in the poem, the title seems not to refer to their relationship – about that we are given too little information to speculate. Cybulski seems to be a clue: the resistance fighter enjoying the briefest of truces and a fortuitous brief encounter while danger waits outside. Danger, in Harsent's poem, isn't a .38 Enfield but the world of process. *His* couple are 'survivors of the wind, the streaming glass / the life outside'. They are minds, remembering, imagining, tenuously autonomous, savouring their provisional thoughts: 'My dream about the room'; 'Rooms she imagines'; 'A lullaby, perhaps, the smell of uncut lupins'. The title poem is interior in the same way and 'Birds Roosting in Bad Weather' sets the provisional human figure against the elements once more: 'Smoking, perhaps' ('perhaps' again), 'that fateful letter crushed in her raincoat pocket'. It's as if the protagonist's life contained infinite possibilities of sadness and action which the elements will never allow her to disclose. The weather has a lot to answer for. Too much possibly. Still, Harsent's world is reminiscent of early Auden: there is the same precision, the same vague menace, yet you'd never mistake the two.

Tom Paulin

Guilty Dreams

Escape to Reality by D. M. FOSTER *Macmillan* £3.95
Refiner's Fire by MARK HELPRIN *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95
Blind Date by JERZY KOSINSKI *Hutchinson* £4.95
Volcano by SHUSAKU ENDO translated by Richard A. Schuchert *Peter Owen* £4.95

One man's fantasy is everyone else's boredom. It's only by recognising those depths of weakness and inadequacy where all dreams of absolute power begin that a really gifted writer can make fantasy a subject and not a surrogate for imagination. D. M. Foster's earlier work has been praised by Patrick White for its truth to 'the sticks and stones of introspection', and the stories in *Escape to Reality* show a resolute reluctance to be trapped by the cold snows of dreams. Foster's characters are glum fantasists who are pursued across rainy nowheres by mysterious and corrupt policemen. Obsessed neurotics tormented by their inability to love, they take the negative way into that internal darkness which Eliot calls 'destitution of all property,/Desiccation of the world of sense,/Evacuation of the world of fancy'. The wisdom they are granted is passive and useless, a settled despair.

In 'Going About' a doctor lies on the beach 'in the ash of the evening'. He watches a man walking on the rocks by a grey sea and slowly realises that the man is his double methodically preparing to commit suicide. He is haunted by the otherness of his own life, and like the terminal musician in 'Green Changes' he knows that he is trapped in one of the many circles of despair. Obliquely, Foster draws on the Crusoe-myth (which is so central to many Australian stories) when another lonely double muses: 'what if he did not exist, had never existed, was just a figment of the imagination? In that case I could be monarch of all I surveyed.' And in 'The Job' – the best story in the collection – this kingdom of one mind becomes a derelict pastoral where a delinquent mechanic spends weeks listening to the rain: 'the rusting of the cars accelerated to the point where several disintegrated into their components.' He feels that his life is 'a prisoner's guilty dream', and as he broods on his fantasy world of negative thinking and abstention from movement Foster's prose becomes charged with a bitter menace:

> Except for a can being passed before a lip, a forkful of vermiculate slop entering a mouth, a dirty curtain chasing out a window at a summer afternoon, the relentless patterns of the cathode. Nothing. One year went past like a century, at least.

Foster writes in a taut, syncopated manner and yet is able to convey a visionary passivity which silts up images of a 'desolate, deserted town', 'a blur of cans by the kitchen window of countless rented rooms'. And though his title-story scatters too many insane fragments across itself, there is ample evidence elsewhere of a powerful talent which can seize dreams as subjects and not be duped by them.

Mark Helprin and Jerzy Kosinski belong with the dupes. Each is a vulnerable and unselfconscious fantasist who has about as much respect for the human spirit as a psychopathic mercenary. Helprin is in love

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with war, and *Refiner's Fire* is his dream of fighting hard and tough in the American Civil War, in Palestine, Israel and Vietnam. Violence and action are what he recommends, because

> a country in war is a country alive. It hurts all the time and is full of sorrow, but is as alive as the blaze of a fire, as energetic and restless as an animal in its pen – full of desires of the heart.

War 'refines' a man and makes him 'solid and gentle and true'. It also helps him make 'perfect love' with a perfect woman ('They were married in the summer, after a quick and physical courtship').

If Helprin's fantasies are often simply naïve, Kosinski by contrast seems a dangerous dreamer, a vicious bore who would like to rape and maim and subject his enemies to cruel and unusual punishments. Helprin dreams of being there at Gettysburg and Cold Harbor, but Kosinski relishes the thought of sharing a blood-soaked villa with Sharon Tate. His fantasy double is a pocket Faust called George Levanter, a 'small investor' and biological determinist who dreams of becoming an important billionaire. He jets through a moral void damaging people and bedding plastic dolls like the Foxy Lady who serves him well until the curious truth comes out – she was an Arab boy until her sex-change. Levanter is terrified of love and syphilis, and is infatuated by Jacques Monod and the heroic Charles Lindbergh who also happened to be a small investor.

Kosinski's fantasy world is a place of such barren superficiality and murderous frustration that it often reads like the case-history of a vindictive neurotic. For all its dreams of positive action and complete power, *Blind Date* is an ignorant account of that drab hell which D. M. Foster so precisely locates in his stories. Kosinski could double easily for Foster's nervous mechanic and inhabit a solitary monarchy of melancholy ambition and quiescent hatred. But he could only place himself in that criminal underworld if he was gifted with the recognition that his heart is stoked with extremely savage and repellent fantasies. The trouble is that he actually believes he's writing fiction, just as he probably believes his berserk blurb: 'One of the handful of great living writers.'

Shusaku Endo's translator has made a miserable hash of rendering what looks like a spare and poignant tale of spiritual aridity on the slopes of a dormant volcano. It's unlikely that a writer who has often been called 'the Japanese Graham Greene' would be capable of a phrase like 'the susurration of mothers scolding their tots for being restless'. There is, inevitably, a renegade priest who frequently feels 'the painful pleasure of his own degradation', but in the account of Jinpei Suda's last weeks there are a number of uncanny insights into his confrontation with a lifetime's venial self-deceptions. And Richard A. Schuchert's gauche translation can, just at moments, offer a glimpse of a *haiku*-like clarity: 'So the whole day long he stared at the garden in its winter sleep, listening to the voices, hearing nothing but the voices.' Otherwise Schuchert's jaded sentences shadow another fiction like a series of exhausted doubles.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Braine

Magazines: Interesting Saloons

My love-affair with the car didn't begin like Mr Toad's in a daze in the dust, repeating the sound of the horn, which in that era could indeed be interpreted as a resonant and imperative *Poop-Poop!* What make was it, that limousine which knocked Mr Toad's caravan into the ditch? All that we see of it is 'a moment's glimpse of an interior of glittering plate-glass and rich morocco'. Plate-glass – yes, it was in that era; that was why Grand Prix cars didn't have windscreens.

I won't apologise for my passion for cars, which has given me hours of innocent pleasure ever since childhood. The car is not to blame for road accidents. Cars, like guns, don't kill people. People kill people. And there is no fuel problem for cars, either. Methane, the product not only of excrement but of any decayed organic matter, is a superior alternative to petrol (it's cleaner, for one thing), any petrol engine can be adapted to it, it can be distributed through the existing filling stations, and if it runs out it will only be because there are no more people and therefore no fuel problem.

So cars, and *Car* (40p monthly), will continue much as they are now. Cars are only incidentally transport. Except in a few instances, they're not all that important as status symbols. They are primarily traditional artefacts which have not basically altered in 50 years. They're infinitely fascinating artefacts whether at rest or in motion, and everyone in the car business is involved in this enchantment. It's essentially innocent, suffused with a harsh poetry. Of course there's money in the car business, not all of it honestly earned, but money isn't what it's all about.

And *Car* is for the enchanted by the enchanted. It does of course run the Best Buy type of articles about foglamps and radios and tyres and polishes and so on, and its Giant Tests are, when dealing with family cars at least, in the *Which?* tradition. So, even with the Lotus Esprit, for instance, we are told that there are overtaking problems, that it's so low-slung that occasionally the dustpan spoiler scrapes the ground, that the headlamps 'suffer from flirt's eyelid flutter, and when aimed correctly for main beam seem very short-ranged when dipped' and, to cap it all, that 'moving fast along high-hedged roads . . . in addition to not being able to spot what may lie around a corner, one also cannot be seen until the last moment'.

All this would seem to me to make driving the Lotus Esprit an experience only comparable with running the bulls at Pamplona. Failure to solve only one overtaking problem, or not to see only one vehicle or not to be seen by it, means instant death. It is, however, described as 'an exciting means of everyday transport, a high-speed magic carpet with especially agreeable behaviour . . . ready to satisfy needs as well as moods . . .' On the other hand, 'on a warm day you'll have to open the side windows periodically or continually, depending on speed, to relieve stuffiness and excess temperature'. And I have a vision of myself failing to solve an overtaking problem because of the sweat running into my eyes, wishing at the last moment that I'd bought myself a Volkswagen Beetle Cabriolet instead.

The Volkswagen is, according to *Car*, 'nothing more than a Beetle with the top chopped off'. The author of the article, Mr Mel Nichols, looks at it 'with jaundiced eyes'. He can't, obviously, fathom why anyone should pay £4,231 for it. 'It is enigmatic and anachronistic, and if it is also apodictic that cannot be advanced as a reason for its survival . . .' Actually, that's a pretty fair example of the *Car* house style. I've never read an issue yet without having recourse to the dictionary. This is one of the main reasons for my enjoyment. Its contributors love language – they care for words. They may be obscure and shrill at times, but they are never boring because they are never bored.

However, I should imagine myself that the main reason for the Volkswagen Beetle Cabriolet's survival is that it's the ideal car for those who, like me, have the ambition to be not the best driver in the world but the oldest driver in the world. There are no visibility problems one way or the other; the driver sits up straight, high above the Lotus and indeed above most other cars, with a vast windscreen in front and, when the top is down, a clear view on all sides. And, since it takes 21 seconds to reach 60 mph, there are not likely to be any overtaking problems. Unless drunk or certifiably insane you won't overtake, until absolutely certain it's safe to do so. The Lotus takes only 7.4 seconds to reach 60 mph, so you'll overtake as soon as you see the chance. That's what you pay £8,548 for.

And also, to be fair, because the Lotus is a beautiful piece of machinery. It isn't everyday transport, unless compared with an Italian supercar – *the* Italian supercar – which is, of course, the Ferrari. In the same issue there's a report by George Bishop on five Ferraris, their ages spanning 18 years, driven on the track at Goodwood. There is none of the carping spirit of *Which?* here. The title is 'The Voice out of the Whirlwind', followed by the warhorse passage from the Book of Job – 'Hast thou given the horse his might? Hast thou clothed his neck with the quivering mane?' And in the full-page lead illustration a Ferrari 275 GTB4 lopes rather than corners against a menacing blue-green background. Driving it, Mr Bishop found himself 'almost swooning with delight, laughing out loud because

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this was the most joyous experience I had known on four wheels for as long as I could remember'. But Mr Bishop knows that for the overwhelming majority of his readers an Italian supercar is an absolutely unattainable dream. He is as realistic about this as J. P. Morgan was about yachts. A Ferrari, he states uncompromisingly, 'costs a small fortune to buy, a larger fortune to maintain; if you cannot stand the racket, you should not seek to play'. Mr Bishop acts out his readers' dreams. That is, after all, the primary function of *Car*.

Paradoxically, it's also a remarkably savage debunker. It began to take a long cold look at British Leyland well before its present troubles, and even dares to be irreverent about the Rolls Corniche and Camargue. '*For*: Neighbours go green – *Against* No fun to drive. *Sum-up*: Where do the buyers come from?' And it's even tougher about another sacred cow, the Volvo: '*For*: Built like a tank – *Against*: Looks like a tank. *Sum-up*: Feels like a tank.'

I quote from the *Car* price list, 'The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly'. It actually divides the cars on the British market into 'Interesting Saloons', 'Boring Saloons', 'Interesting Coupés and Sports Cars' and 'Boring Coupés and Sports Cars'. It's unlikely that it will get much advertising from those manufacturers whose products are stigmatised as Boring but – and what higher tribute can I offer? – I don't suppose that it cares. And I'm happy to say that it classifies my own car, an Audi 80LS, as an Interesting Saloon, with a delightful engine. I'm going to change it soon for a Boring Saloon, a Morris Marina, because the Audi seems to be costing me as much as a Ferrari to maintain. I made this decision last May; in the June number there was an article on '40,000 miles of yawn-a-mile motoring' in a Marina, which pointed out forcefully the fact that though the Marina wasn't the world's most inspired design, it was reliable and 'a staunch upholder of my solvency'. The title was 'Once Upon A Marina' and the illustration – Noddy and his friends admiring the Marina – though entirely without malice, made it clear that nevertheless it won't be promoted to the Interesting category. But practical advice isn't the business of *Car*. It's there to express an astonished delight, and the authenticity of this delight has ensured its survival.

Radio

Peter Porter

Braggadocio

In his talk, *The Newgate Pastoral* (Radio 3), David Nokes reminded us that *The Beggar's Opera* was strong political satire in its day and far removed from the amateur operatic society tushery of period costumes and piping voices which it has often seemed, especially since Frederick Austin's arrangement made it a hit in the Twenties. Walpole stood up in his box during the original London run so that the audience could see that he could take his medicine, but he harboured a grudge and later turfed Gay out of his grace-and-favour house. David Nokes's point that Pepusch was called in to arrange the music only at the last moment shows that Gay had something of the same attitude to opera as Brecht – prima le parole e poi la musica. Of all the versions since Gay's time, Nokes chose Brecht's and Weill's as the closest in spirit to the original. I can't agree, since I feel that Brecht made a heavy meal of Gay's satire and his version of London low life is another of his Teutonic fantasies on the Anglo-Saxon character. Radio 3's new production, 250 years to the day after the first performance at the Theatre Royal at Lincoln's Inn Fields, was a splendid one and brought out the vitriol as well as the wit in Gay's text.

It was also absolutely complete, using all 69 airs. Since the tunes include numbers by Purcell and Handel, as well as Lillibulero and traditional melodies, the kind of arrangement they get is vital to the success of a performance. David Cain, best known for his radiophonic scores, treated the music with admirable directness, although the realisation by the Praetorius Consort was, as its name suggests (sackbuts and all), somewhat anachronistic. Cain's version of 'Let us take the road', that marvellous theft from Handel's *Rinaldo*, was especially imaginative. Jan Waters as Polly and Sarah Badel as Lucy simpered and simulated with fine address, and Patrick Stewart put just the right unction into Peachum's proverbial cynicism. Macheath is not an easy character to play but Gary Bond didn't overdo the masculinity and braggadocio. The employment of singing actors rather than acting singers was a sensible move. Gay's lyrics are apt and pointed in every way and his parodies of operatic metaphor are just as pert as the Beggar tells us they will be in his introduction. Despite the power of Weill's score, there is nothing in *The Threepenny Opera* which can compare with the force and freshness of Gay's Newgate Pastoral.

One of the BBC's hardest-working and most imaginative departments gets too little acknowledgment both inside and outside the Corporation. This is the Schools Broadcasting Service, whose programmes have to be sought among the fine type tucked away at the bottom of the page in *Radio Times*. Schools commissioned Stoppard to write his first radio play, *Where Are They Now?* It was later broadcast on Radio 3 in an expanded version, but the Drama Department made no reference to its origin in their programme note. Perhaps they felt that people wouldn't listen if they knew that a work had been written for schoolchildren. If so, they would have been wrong. Much that goes out to schools is worthy of a place on Radios 3 or 4, and the policy of commissioning contemporary writers is bold and enlightened. Many schools are too snobbish to use the service but those that do get a wide-ranging coverage of topics of all sorts.

The BBC works with a School Council on Broadcasting and, of necessity, keeps its programmes formal and fairly academic. Capital Radio can afford to approach broadcasting to schoolchildren in a more relaxed way, which is a descriptive understatement about the half-hour programmes which Michael Aspel hosts on Sundays at 5.30 p.m., devoted to A and O level set-books. Aspel has covered *Romeo and Juliet*, *Lucky Jim* (with Kingsley Amis in the studio), *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The pattern is fixed: Aspel is a jolly guide; he is helped by one or more teachers and there are guest celebrities to brighten the discussion for the kids – actors, actresses, show-biz reporters (Sheridan Morley) and universal authorities (Germaine Greer). To my surprise, what makes the series work is the presence of the actors: it gives children a sense of being guided authoritatively to hear Ian McKellen or Judi Dench quoting speeches word perfectly, and without the apologetic cadences adopted by teachers. I thought Morley and Aspel overdid the matey approach to Wilde. You get tired of hearing him called Oscar in so familiar a way. Genial as he was, he would not have liked this buttonholing. It was more the idiom of the sales convention than of show business. Ian McKellen was brilliant talking about *Romeo and Juliet*. Many a producer could have gained insight into the play from listening to him – the teachers present were swept away by his eloquence. There are many more set-books to come, and I would advise all parents corralled with recalcitrant exam-sitters to gather round the radio with them on Sunday nights, even if that is as much of Capital as they can take for a week.

The BBC also acknowledges its duty to instruct adults, and its early-evening educational and informative programmes broadcast under the general heading *Lifelines* (Radio 3) are almost as unhonoured as the Schools Broadcasts. They vary in interest according to your own concern with their topics, but, at their best, they can be engrossing. One series which has just ended was admirable throughout – *The Prisoners*. It is eerie to hear a completely radical notion coming quietly out of the loudspeaker at the doldrum hours of the evening. Such a one was the suggestion that sentencing should be taken away from the Bench and handed over to a special com-

Among this week's contributors:

CHRISTOPHER HILL's most recent publication is *Milton and the English Revolution* (Faber).

HERMIONE LEE's *The Novels of Virginia Woolf* was published last year by Methuen.

JOHN BRAINE is completing a book about J. B. Priestley; he is also working on a TV adaptation of *The Queen of a Distant Country*.

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mittee. Judges would still preside over trials but once the verdict had been arrived at their responsibility would cease. The evidence offered of the average judge's ignorance of prison conditions and of the psychology of offenders was so convincing that there seemed no argument against the proposal.

Radio is still educating us to a knowledge of Goethe. Starting with Louis MacNeice's translation of *Faust*, we have advanced via *Egmont*, *Götz von Berlichingen* and a *Fairy Tale* to *Werther* – a backward progress, I suppose. Radio 3's production of *The Passion of Young Werther* was nothing if not archetypal. The combination of low-key domesticity of the most suffocating German order with shrieking Romantic hysteria was faithfully served by excellent actors, and by John Westbrook's narration. An inability to appreciate Goethe may keep us from full integration in the EEC long after disputes about fishing grounds and the green pound have been amicably settled.

Films

John Coleman

See No Evel

Viva Knievel! (A) *Casino*
The Crazies (X) and **Tracks** (X) *Screen on the Green*
Hamlet *ICA*
Candleshoe (U) *Odeon, St Martin's Lane*

The four-star line of the week, and probably the year, arrives when a sexy lady-photographer – half in love with the guy – explains to a hospitalised stunt motor-bike rider why she has to quit his bedside and him: 'I'm flying out to cover that new revolution in South America.' Of course, the lovely, rangy, homogenised Lauren Hutton (Kate Morgan and a right Ms in the appalling event) does no such thing. She stays on to admire the hero until the last frame. *Viva Knievel!* is so silly a bad movie that it almost inspires a baleful affection: like big Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, one is tempted to hug it to death. Using the fellow himself, a billion-dollar product called Evel Knievel who specialises in spectacular bike-leaps over canyons and lions and flames, it purports to tell a tale of a giant cocaine-smuggling operation carried out under his unwitting aegis. There was a halfway tolerable film, made in 1971 by Marvin Chomsky, which had George Hamilton playing the real-life character, a delinquent who came good in the old American tradition: he got rich, via foolhardy valour. For some reason not too far from money, Gordon Douglas has now created very much the lesser of two *Knievels*, heartily abetted in the writing department by Antonio Santillan and Norman Katkov, to whom plausible English seems to materialise at something under the speed of light; incredibly co-starring Gene Kelly as a pathetic father-figure ('Dad, I'm Tommy, your son,' says his husky youngster, turning up one day) so that Mr Kelly may later turn to Mr Knievel with the words, 'Save my kid, pardner'; ending up with the absolute in comic-strip wheel-chases.

And there is always, alas, old Evel himself – a sort of Batman or Captain Marvel, currently in jail for thumping someone, I believe – oozing self-satisfaction as he delivers an anti-drug message to the juveniles among a vast audience assembled to watch him break some more bones. This little homily, of course, has its limp irony in the larger, loopy context. As our own John Milton wrote, or nearly, 'Evel be thou my Good'. He emerges more like a Goodie, even when we catch him early on visiting a boys' home at night, carrying prezzies. 'You're the reason I'm walking,' blurts a kid on crutches. What is so charming about this is that futile daredevils like E.K. surely help to put kids on crutches in the first place. Are our exemplars reduced to this? I sometimes get the feeling that the cinema is failing to mirror a real world, even if there isn't one.

George A. Romero directed the celebrated *The Night of the Living Dead* 10 years ago, when he was 28. It made a mint. Now we have a return to the horror genre with *The Crazies*, which has its fringe benefits. For the first half-hour, before waves of incredulity began lapping around one's clenched toes, it showed more than promise. A small Pennsylvania town is abruptly taken over by the military. It appears that a government plane carrying supplies of a biological warfare virus has crashed nearby and its contents contaminated the local water supply, leaving the sealed-off inhabitants 'either dead or incurably mad'. Mr Romero has a thoroughly filmic eye for the shocking or deranging effect. The hygienic, ruthless soldiery wear white suits and black masks (damn stupid when you think about it, but that comes later: it is very photogenic). A priest goes nutty and burns himself. A knitting lady in a rocking chair placidly kills a soldier with a needle before settling back to rock. After a massacre in a meadow, a woman is seen insanely sweeping the grass. A father makes love to his daughter. It is often quite badly acted and generally – as you may have gathered – excessive: but it has its moments of authentic invention. I wish I could react as warmly towards Henry Jaglom's *Tracks*, which has its adherents among my colleagues. Mr Jaglom made *A Safe Place* with Orson Welles as magician, Tuesday Weld as freakish girleen, Jack Nicholson as a lover on a roof; and its attempts to charm lost me. Similarly with the new one, another fantasy or – rather – another film where the boundaries between fantasy and . . . etc. This time, it is a sergeant from Vietnam travelling on a train with the coffined body of a fox-hole companion. The passengers are, to a person, highly eccentric; or are they simply projections of Dennis Hopper's uptight, uniformed, unformed pall-bearer? Even the coffin turns out to contain a message. The movie, which has its hilarities, should carry as much. Altmanesque improvisations can be as embarrassing as lunch-time theatre.

Celestino Coronado's *Hamlet*, the odd flash of inspiration to one side, looks what it is: a garbled, 66-minute version of Shakespeare made on practically no money in no time by a Spaniard who worked with Lindsay Kemp and his gay, flying circus before working at the RCA. Helen Mirren plays both Gertrude and Ophelia, though it would be tempting to say that Quentin Crisp as Polonius really plays the queen. Twin brothers, Anthony and David Meyer, do the Hamlet and some of the schizoid matter thus physically available is interesting, a new gloss of a kind. While we are on the experimental, a word for the Film Work Group's 1975 minimal-cinema *Justine by the Marquis de Sade*, available here and there: stultifying.

Back to the happy, wholesome world of moviedom and a Disney, not very well directed by Norman Tokar, who should know better by now. *Candleshoe*, based on a book by Michael Innes, takes the splendid Jodie Foster from hooliganism in L.A. to a stately home in an England that never quite was. To watch performers like Leo McKern and Vivian Pickles stumble over sub-Dickensian lines is painful, as is much

D. J. Enright

The Age

Europe is a good boy. It tires itself
At football.
Politicians discover money.

America looks in its heart. Heads
Are shaken. It won't trouble
The moon any more. There is work to do
In Washington.
Politicians discover sex.

Wars start in back-yards,
Address unknown. Small wars
Are ended and unheard of.
The Holy Land still flows with prophets.

Slants rehabilitate themselves.
Or talk philosophy. Or die.
Japan tut-tuts, prefers to read *Die Welt*,
And tucks the world inside
its briefcase.

Antipodes obey the Queen
Or not. Weals wane
And wax. The gazetteer
Is subject to revision.

The Irish don't know when to stop,
No one knows the way to stop them.
Insolubility's a bore.

Arms are sold to those
Who promise not to use them.
Porn becomes big medicine.
Politicians discover debt.

Britain's best at television.
The blacks barge in from Holland –
She whets her kitchen knife.
Asians they are called. Or
maybe Martians.

Bards write words on language.
All our troubles are little ones.
This is the age of peace.

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of the *Hue and Cry* anticry that ensues. But there are occasions of warmth and humour in the studio-controlled product; there is a quite nice plot; there is a good score by Ron Goodwin; there is Helen Hayes, hovering mostly this side of sickliness; and there is David Niven as butler and man of many parts, my favourite actor in otherwise unredeemable flicks.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

This Is War

Sticks and Bones *New End*
A Day Forever *Open Space*

It has taken David Rabe nine years, seven major awards and heaven knows how many shimmering reviews to make it across that overblown duck-pond, the Atlantic; but now here he is, represented by the second instalment in his 'Vietnam trilogy,' and the obvious question can be answered with a well, yes, it probably was worth the wait. The strength of the American political theatre of the 1960s and early 1970s was the singlemindedness of its outrage, and that was its weakness too. Those who were not its friends were its enemies, and its enemies could expect nothing more delicate than a knee in the groin and a bottleful of acid in the chops. But Rabe, unlike his brasher colleagues, actually served in Vietnam, and *Sticks and Bones* avoids the genre's myopia while maintaining its verbal dash and satiric bite. A blinded veteran is casually dumped back on his doorstep, to the mild confusion of what seems, at first glimpse, as insular and complacent a mid-Western family as dread could dream up or inverted prejudice hallucinate. Mom is a racial supremacist forever rhapsodising about religion, Dad spends his days fiddling with a TV set that shares the general inability to communicate, a younger brother ambles in and out talking of fudge and ice-cream; and all refuse to mark and learn when the returning hero describes the atrocities he's seen or the yellow-skinned girl he loved and left behind.

Bald, unambiguous stuff, down to the self-consciously 'poetic' lingo thrust into soldier Dave's anguished mouth in order to distinguish him from the emotional morons – 'they are the colour of earth', apropos the Vietnamese, 'and what is white but winter and the earth under it like a suicide?' Such lines may not be intended to be sung, but they sometimes seem intended to be Synge, or a parody of him. But wait. The play is by no mean as unsophisticated as that. Dave is not without his brutishness, the family not as thickly armoured and invulnerable as it might appear. Indeed, by the end Mr Rabe's interest and sympathy have tilted much more towards the father than we could possibly have predicted when he first swaggered aboard. If he's a product of the cults of success, machismo, respectability and the family, he's also their victim, a frightened and frustrated creature, probably impotent and conceivably homosexual, loathing the life-style whose beaming propagandist he's doomed to be. Such people are to be pitied, yet their bitterness and paranoia perpetuate war and their habit of self-deception makes things more than a little awkward for those of their nearest and dearest who have had nasty truths forced upon them. And this brings me to what I take to be Mr Rabe's nub.

He has said that it is 'silly and presumptuous and pointless' to describe his plays as 'anti-war'; and this one, though scarcely pro-war, certainly suggests that the positive achievement of Vietnam was to scald the mentally numb and pierce the morally snoozy. The result, however, was a kind of postdiluvian apartheid in America, one that carried the natural divide between adolescents and parents, young men and their fathers, to the point of national crisis. Those who had watched pregnant women shot, or seen children dangling from washing-lines, could not easily readjust to middle America; and middle America, in its turn, saw them as plague-bearers, come to contaminate its comfy rituals with their scabrous realities. The weaker side had to give, and in Mr Rabe's play it duly does so, all in high symbolic style. Dave takes a razor from his kid brother, allows himself to be photographed for the family album slashing his wrists, and lets the blood fall on a towel coyly provided by his mother. He won't die, or so we're told. He will 'nearly die'. In other words, he must add mutilation of his spirit to the wounds he received in battle. Only if its Daves commit some sort of suicide can the bourgeois family survive. Only if they pretend not to have seen and experienced what they have in fact seen and experienced can America itself avoid laceration.

It's a tough, resentful play, with Peter Weller a grim and impassive Dave, Pat Starr as a down-market Doris Day, and Don Fellows in slow disintegration beneath a manic hail-fellow manner; and in its scope, seriousness and energy, it far outpaces the week's second attack on soppy families, this time the English variety. Mark you, Michael Sharp's *A Day Forever* is not untalented. I was amused by his caricature widow, Mabel, her vulture's claws sunk deep into her husband's posthumous reputation while he himself festers stage-left. I enjoyed the bland, cantankerous manner June Brown brings to the part, not to mention the sly knowing smiles she plasters across her face when she's piling tea things on the coffin or lamenting the misuse of the heat that crematoria successfully generate only to squander up the chimney. If Mr Sharp had been content to continue reconstituting Joe Orton's celebrated *Loot*, admittedly in a heavier and more galumphing manner, all might have been well, or fairly well. But he isn't.

He must moralise, and moralise unnecessarily. First, he damns Mabel past plausibility, having her while away the pre-funeral wait by smooching incestuously with her brother, a saloon-bar lothario played by Keith Barron. Then he damns her still further by introducing her late hubby's long-hidden mistress, to tell us, with due poise and dignity, what a very sweet, wise and neglected old bird he really was. The tone of the play becomes glumly self-righteous, as if Orton had been plumped into a secular cassock and made to brandish some earnest, enlightened sex-manual. It's the sort of misjudgment more experience as a playwright should help Mr Sharp avoid.

Music

Andrew Clements

First Theme First

Philharmonia Orchestra *Festival Hall*

As Peter Maxwell Davies's musical language has become clearer and more direct in recent years, so a collision with traditional forms and usages has seemed more and more likely. Several of his works have flirted with sonata form; tonality has become an increasingly important structural element. But it wasn't predictable that the point of impact would be the most assiduously cherished of forms. Yet what else could he have called an extended work for orchestra, whose entirely abstract musical argument falls into four movements, but a symphony? Already you can hear the reactionaries welcoming him into the fold . . .

What the new Symphony represents, however, is Davies's most sustained and impressive display of large-scale musical organisation to date. Recent works have had a polish and expressive assurance that cried out for exploitation on the largest possible canvas; playing for over 55 minutes, this provides the opportunity. Although Davies has confessed to several structural models in writing parts of the work (Schumann's Second in the slow movement, Boulez's *Pli selon Pli* in the finale, Sibelius in all the movements), suggesting a deliberate intent to write a symphony, its genesis was piecemeal. The starting-point was a self-contained orchestral piece written four years ago; it was withdrawn before the première, modified and became the present second movement. The first movement grew backwards from that, an extended slow movement seemed necessary to continue its thematic implications and the whole lay-out needed some sort of conclusive finale.

You would expect the second movement to be the lynch-pin of the four-movement plan, but the density of argument concentrates attention on the first and third with the latter perhaps containing the emotional core. In the background of the first movement lurks more than a ghost of sonata form: there's certainly a bundle of themes thrown out in the tumultuous first three minutes that sustains the whole argument, some sort of varied recapitulation towards the close and a tremendous climax which scatters the 'first theme' around the orchestra. There's even a kind of tonic-dominant polarity in the tonality; two tonal centres (though not a fifth apart) define the area within which the music moves. Yet

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Davies's structure is essentially monolithic – traditional development techniques of expansion and fragmentation are replaced by rigorous and continual thematic transformations which set in from the opening bars. It's more accurate to view the movement as a single span of dense argument articulated by some of the features of a conventional sonata-allegro.

Now the second movement seems the most insubstantial of the four – a lento which transforms itself into a scherzo with a delightful throwaway ending, the whole modelled on the first movement of Sibelius's Fifth. Yet it reveals the plainchant source of much of the symphony in a fragment of 'Ave maris stella' heard at the beginning, relating back to the first and forward to the third. The adagio is the most profound stretch of music Davies has written, slowly evolving thematic lines which crystallise in a sustained passage for the strings alone. He likens it to a portrayal of the Orkney landscape, more I suspect to help the listeners than to reveal any directly programmatic source. The finale is perhaps the most difficult to assimilate at first hearing. The tempo is fast and the rate of musical events high; yet the effect is inconclusive and the ending, borrowing the stuttering chord patterns of the end of Sibelius's Fifth, rather contrived.

The logic of Davies's argument holds the attention more firmly than any British orchestral work of the last decade, but in playing down his skill as an orchestrator – 'the instrumentation functions simply to make the musical argument clear' – Davies denies many of the incidental beauties the score contains. Though he's still inclined to lay too much expressive weight on exposed high violin lines, most of the scoring is completely idiomatic. The wash of metallic sounds so characteristic of the Orkney pieces now carries its equal share of the musical incident. The result is always luminous, sometimes shattering.

Television

Russell Davies

Rees's Negative

Important parts of the week's screen-time have been taken up in trying to decide what Mrs Thatcher is playing at, and whether we must all join in. Nobody doubts that she has sneaked some votes, and without outlining a policy either. Indeed, having simply given the impression that she finds the idea of immigration worrying, she doesn't need to do anything else; this is enough to gain the support of those sensitive flowers who fear they might be 'swamped by people with a different culture'. Of course, the famous British character, as explicitly defined and unconsciously expressed by Mrs Thatcher herself, fully deserves to be swamped by *something*. It is a jealous, tight and unbearably complacent character, determinedly oblivious to its historical debts – and the Home Secretary had a great chance to say so in his long interview with Brian Walden on *Weekend World* (LWT).

The performance was a great disappointment, though, or would have been if one had really expected Mr Rees to be forceful and persuasive. One hadn't, and he wasn't. His heart is in the right place, yet he seems unable to locate it in time to show it to the world. With Walden he bumbled distressingly. Everything he said sounded like a parenthesis inserted in something else, which was usually what it was. Walden's opening exposition practically begged Rees to point out that the Tories could achieve significant reductions in immigration figures – given that what 'immigration figures' really means is 'the level of coloured population in this country, whether born here or not' – only by resorting to Powellite measures. It took Rees ages to get round to this, but finally 'repatriation' stumbled out. Altogether it was the kind of interview where the interlocutor gradually makes all the points ('how do you educate people out of prejudice when the state itself is prejudiced?') which the politician should have been straining to make, on his own terms, from the start. For Walden, it must all have been very restful after the previous week's elegant, inconclusive yet exhausting bout of mental *épée* with Enoch Powell. This time he was able to assume the air of superiority he looks happiest in.

Charles Wheeler's *Panorama* (BBC-1) on the same subject had some of the same faults. Discussion in the second half of the programme seemed only to dissipate the thoughts that Wheeler had impressively marshalled in his very fertile (from all points of view) head. Having ruthlessly chopped down the Tory figures to their real size – which will itself dwindle quite spontaneously, as Lord Franks explained – Wheeler seemed on the point of proving the whole immigration panic a hysterical fraud when he was diverted by loud cries from the Conservative MP Dudley Smith, who drew attention enthusiastically to abuses in the admittance-of-Asian fiancés rule. This blue herring, which at once dragged the programme off course, had been presented to Smith by a film item from the Midlands, where a pair of Asian parents were shown losing sleep over the continued refusal of the authorities to let their daughter's fiancé into the country. The daughter herself, however, seemed less than distressed, which was not surprising since she had never met her intended. A generation or two in the West, I dare say, will suffice to convince formerly Asian families that the principle of arranged marriage can often be nearly as inhumane as the splitting up of families by governments; but this was no part of Mr Smith's point.

Debate became very intermittent after this – not at all the definitive airing Wheeler had obviously hoped for – and the Asian spokesman rather spoilt his strong closing statement by calling Sir Winston Churchill 'one of the greatest living Englishmen'. On the other hand, he may have had a point there; just as Alan Weeks may have done in one of his *European Figure Skating Championships commentaries* (BBC-1) where he revealed that the Russian judges had been temporarily suspended for 'alleged impartiality'.

BBC-2 announces heralded the appearance of Herbert Marcuse on *Men of Ideas* (BBC-2) by calling him Markewze. They did it on the repeat as well. Markewze proved outstandingly charming, but you had to have read him to be able to fill out the simplifications in his thought and terminology. It has clearly been a mistake for this series to pitch so soon into Marxism and its reinterpretations, without going into Hegel first or even making a guiding distinction between philosophy and political philosophy. *The Americans* (BBC-2) introduced us to Rosalynn Carter, a wary, shy and utterly unformidable woman. There was nothing more to say. Desmond Wilcox did not for a moment threaten to lure the Carters out of their depths, but there is no disguising the fear of drowning in their eyes as they stand holding hands in the shallows. *Horizon – Zero G* (BBC-2) was a sort of comedy show about weightlessness, narrated by saucy William Franklyn. It left me very glad to be weightful. Why, I can get up from this typewriter, walk around outside, and have a nice breath of fresh One-G Environment. I think I will.

Weekend Competition

No 2501 **Set by King Pong**

To commemorate the Wordsworth week at the Roundhouse (13-18 February, in aid of the Wordsworth Heritage Appeal), would you mind rewriting the last stanza of the *Immortality Ode* in the style of any 20th-century poet? Entries by 24 February.

Result of No 2498 **Set by A. Boteman**

We asked for brief reviews of any film, play, ballet or opera along the lines of the famous three-word criticism of *I am a Camera* which went: 'Me no Leica.'

Report **by Loser Lou**

I've been brought in as a sticky-comp specialist, deputising for Len the Unlucky. The Unlucky, alas, has recently been disciplined by Mr Keats. (Some rather serious breach of protocol over the mailing of the invitations to the comp party. The doctors say between six and eight months. Nasty business.) Things are always *a bit tense*, they tell me, at comp-party time, and what with it being Jubilee year in the Complex . . . It's murder trying to get in here every morning: the hysterical throng of hopefuls at the door, the kilos of petitions, the outlandish bribes . . . all day you can hear the tap-tap of tents being erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Well, they've given me a real lulu of a comp to cut my teeth on. In my view, the cinematic one-liner has already been apotheosised in these columns by our film critic, the great John Coleman: 'As for Otto Preminger's *Skidoo*: skidon't.' Still, you didn't do so badly. The usual trouble with the Editor (how long, O Lord, how long?) over payment: a paltry Wilson per entry.

Chips with Everything: Including shoulders
Roots: Strictly for the suckers
Chicken Soup With Barley: Wot – no chips?

RODDY REDDING

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Too True to be Good: So it must be true
'Tis Pity She's a Whore: Well, since acting's not her thing . . .
The Boy Friend: Definitely dated
Mary Rose: Me, too – and left
HARRISON EVERARD
Alpha Beta: Gammon
Black Emmanuelle: That's my advice, brothers
DAVID WAGSTAFFE
Citizen Kane: Welles farrago
KEVIN MORRIS
All the President's Men: Dix Fix Pix – Nix!
Murder on the Orient Express: Signal failure
TOM DONNELLY
The Three Musketeers: Pathos, Bathos and D'Artagnan
BARBARA WILCOX
Swan Lake: Tutu awful
DAVID PHILLIPS
'Tis Pity She's a Whore: Gold, frank incest and murder
St Joan: Rack and Rouen
TOM BREWER
The Royal Hunt of the Sun: Inca hoots
The Changing Room: More pricks than kicks
BRENDON GORSE
8½: Nein!
TIM HOPKINS
Saturday Sunday Monday: Long. Weak end
V. F. CORLEONE
The Sting: Just a B-picture
NICHOLAS HODGSON
Klute: Caps and Rubbers
NAOMI MARKS
Privates on Parade: A bit flash
YOMVEC
Carrie: on avoiding
KEN WYKE
The Threepenny Opera: Curt, vile
JIM ANTHONY
Under Milk Wood: How the udder half lives
J. TIMSON
Lawrence of Arabia: Just deserts
R. GODDARD
Lady Windermere's Fan: Not I
ROBERT LISTER
Dingo: Don' go
PETER ALEXANDER
Cleopatra: Taylor made by Burton
ERNEST PODS
The Man from U.N.C.L.E.: I'm anti
J. P. O'BYRNE
Othello: Venetian hanky-panky
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS
Equus: Corn on the cob
JACK DOCHERTY
The Playboy of the Western World: A Paean in the Erse
M. HYNES
A Man For All Seasons: A few More years
FRANK ANDERSON
Half a Sixpence: Threepennorth of Kipps
B. HOWLER
Donkey's Years: Frayn at the edges
JEANETTE HODES
Swan Lake: Cygnet is believing it
FAY

Tony Miles

Chess

No 70 **Hoogoven's 1978**

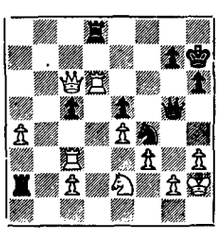
This year's Hoogoven's tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee provided a fascinating opportunity to witness some of the better known, but rarely seen, names of world chess in action. Primarily there was Viktor Korchnoy playing his first 'real' tournament since defecting. There was an insignificant event in Switzerland but that can hardly be counted. Secondly the young Brazilian Henrique Mecking. He, apparently, plays just one tournament every three years between Interzonals and Candidates matches, spending most of his time studiously preparing for the moment when the World Championship will be his. I will not bore you with my views on this practice but suffice it to say I consider it most unnatural and faintly unhealthy. Having said this I must confess that I've just lost to him without getting out of the opening! Then there was the amazing character Miguel Najdorf who, at seventy-ish, seems to disprove all known generalisations about chess players, particularly the one regarding silence. Add a smattering of leading GMs from all parts of the world and you had a fascinating tournament. As Korchnoy was playing, 'all parts of the world' excludes the USSR and most of the Eastern Bloc, but surprisingly the Hungarian Lajos Portisch was taking part.

Korchnoy started in dominating fashion, scoring 2½ out of his first three games, but after five rounds he was only sharing the lead with 3½. Personally I had one of those tournaments where I lose my bad positions and draw good ones. My best game, and my greatest sob-story, was the following.

White: A. J. Miles **Black: O. Panno**

1. P-QB4, N-KB3; 2. N-QB3, P-Q4; 3. P x P, N x P; 4. P-KN3, P-KN3; 5. B-N2, N-N3; 6. P-Q3, B-N2; 7. B-K3, 0-0; 8. Q-Q2, P-K4; 9. P-KR4, P-KR4; 10. B-R6, R-K1; 11. B x B, K x B; 12. R-B1, P-QB3. Most of the previous play is based on the fact that . . . N-B3 is always bad because of B x N. **13. N-B3 N-R3; 14. 0-0, N-B2; 15. KR-Q1, P-B3; 16. P-K3, P-QR4; 17. Q-B2, Q-K2; 18. N-K4, B-N5; 19. R-Q2, KR-Q1?** A mistake. 19 . . . B-B4 was best. **20. Q-B5! Q x Q; 21. N x Q, R-R2; 22. P-Q4!** White has a great advantage. The BR (QR2) is seriously misplaced – a fact which the opening of the centre highlights. **22. . . . B x N; 23. B x B, P-B4.** Hoping for . . . P-K5. **24. P-K4! BP x P; 25. B x KP, P-R5.** Or 25 . . . R x P; 26. R x R, P x R; 27. R-Q1 with advantage. **26. N x NP!** I always get a little suspicious when things go so smoothly. Invariably something somewhere goes wrong. **26. . . . R x N; 27. R. x P, R x P; 28. R x Pch, K-B2; 29. R x R, P x R; 30. R-R6, K-N2; 31. R x P, R-R2; 32. R-R7ch?** The first mistake; 32. R-QB5 should win fairly comfortably. **32. . . . K-N1; 33. P-R5, N-N4; 34. R-R6.** I had intended to exchange rooks, but now noticed that it wasn't so clear. **34. . . . N-B1; 35. R-N6ch?** The second: **35. . . . R-N2! 36. R-QR6, R-QR2; 37. R x R, N (1) x R; 38. P-B4, N-Q3; 39. B-Q3, N-B3; 40. P-R3?** An awful move in my opponent's time pressure. Anything else maintains the advantage. **40. . . . N-R4! 41. K-B2.** Draw agreed. (41. . . N-B5; 42. B x N, N x B; 43. K-K2, N x NP; 44. P-N4 etc.) Further comments are unprintable.

Problem 70



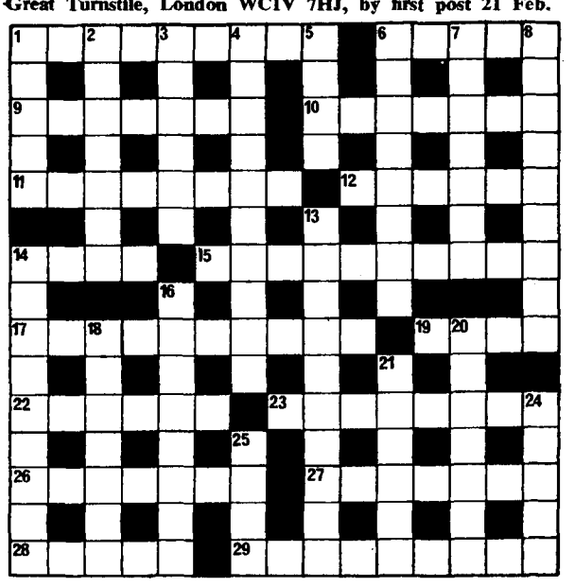
White to play. How should the game go? This is one of those interesting middle-game positions I occasionally set. Obviously, white has the immediate choice between 1. N x N and 1. N-N3 but there is no single clearcut line – and I do not guarantee the accuracy of my own analysis! Entries to me postmarked not later than 22 February.

Solution to Problem 68

1. Q-K8ch is eminently sensible. After 1. . . . R-B1; **2. R x Pch, K x R; 3. N-K6ch** should be quite sufficient to win. The alternative 1. R x Pch!? which has been variously published as a forced win, and even a mate in 5(!) is by no means clear after 1. . . . K-R1! Most interesting then is 2. R-N8ch, K x R; 3. Q-N5ch, R-N2; 4. Q-Q8ch, K-B2; 5. Q-Q7ch, K-N3; 6. Q-K6ch, K-N4 but I see no clear win; e.g. 7 P-N4ch, K-R4!; 8. P-N4ch, K-R5 and white gets mated!

Weekend Crossword 1252

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1252, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Red but backward-looking, a peer among tories (9).
6. Starts on fresh course a second after food is served (5).
9. Author French love? (7).
10. Ancient place which is not rich in ruins (7).
11. Sullied as one ventured to go without a man (8).
12. Looked askance at shelter before danger (6).
14. Having only two parties is extinct (4).
15. Destruction of city might make Poles boast (10).
17. On hand, bumped into a friend after transport has gone (10).
19. Sports equipment in which the risk is great (4).
22. Music provided when there are no facilities for practice (6).
23. Playing soldiers makes Dad pull one's leg about the noise (8).
26. The medical man toils freely without a copper (7).
27. There is something afoot in the new chalet by the Turk's Head (7).
28. Relentless as the northern star (5).
29. Hurry and get on as it faces the driver (9).

DOWN

1. Stiff when the fellow is out of the cold (5).
2. Drew everything socialist about the upper class (7).
3. Lie and rot badly if one has to hang about (6).
4. Third fruit? (10).
5. Credit given as sign of approval (4).
6. Streams which make a fissure in mountains (8).
7. Spell of peace hoped for after politicians' talk? (7).
8. Timetables give Leeds such a new arrangement (9).
13. A person gripped by Marx is a democratic politician (10).
14. Where subjects are to act the part of underlings (9).
16. Ancient who turned into a shiny cat (8).
18. Being bald, certain to put on weight (7).
20. God changes his rank (7).
21. Having a degree, is able to play back? (6).
24. Confined in doing a tedious task (5).
25. Horses for boss (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 2

W	E	E	T	T	H	U	R	D	L	E	R			
I	N	D	T	W	E	N	T	I	E	T	H			
T	O	I	S	E	C	H	E	C	U	H	A			
H	U	T	U	R	O	E	N	T	G	E	N			
S	N	I	P	E	R	E	V	I	S	E	D			
S	C	O	P	A	E	D	Y	O	M	N	L			
L	E	N	L	O	L	E	U	N	I	C	E			
A	S	T	E	R	I	D	O	A	S	E	S			
C	H	A	M	B	E	R	S	R	D	I	A			
K	O	F	E	Y	V	A	R	Y	I	N	G			
S	P	A	N	A	E	M	I	A	A	T	E			
C	E	N	T	U	R	Y	C	F	L	E	D			

Note: Unclued answers read: 'Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary, Revised Edition with Supplement'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 2

A. Sudbery (York)
P. Murphy (London SW1)
Mrs A. D. Gill (Warlingham)

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AP5 £4,630 - £4,900 inclusive

This is a post offering opportunities to assess the range of services provided by the Social Services Department. In addition, one of the post-holder's major responsibilities will be assessment of the effectiveness of three joint Housing/Social Services/Education projects, in three different areas of high need in the Borough. The aim of the projects is to provide a joint service including neighbourhood work support for the local communities from one location in order to improve the service to, and life in, the areas concerned.

The post-holder will be required to gather, analyse and interpret data; to present alternative strategies together with their organisational, financial, manpower and training implications; and to liaise with other Divisions, Departments and agencies in respect of planning the Department's services. The post-holder would work alongside the present Research Officer in the Department, and be responsible to the Assistant Director (Development).

We are looking for a capable and qualified research worker who has detailed knowledge of the operation of Social Services Departments and their organisational requirements.

Informal inquiries to Michael Layzell, telephone 01-903 1400, Ext. 225.

Application forms from: **The Administration Manager, Room 708, Brent House, 349/357 High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 25 February 1978. Telephone 01-903 0371** (24 hour Ansafone Service). Reference Number S/13/D must be quoted.

London Borough of
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Telephone: Kingham 253

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Sydney, Australia

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requires a researcher to work on its new arts programme **THE SOUTH BANK SHOW.** Applicants should be able to provide original and vigorous ideas about the Arts and Arts programmes. Applicants should also be able to work on a wide range of other programmes in London Weekend's Features Department. Some experience in television or journalism is preferred. The successful candidate can expect a year's contract.

Please apply, with full Curriculum Vitae, to **Mrs. Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, SE1 9LT.**

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requires

Personal Secretary

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For further information contact: **Simon Abbott, 68 Chalton Street, London NW1, or 'phone 01-388 0241.**

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Details from:

General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Gt Russell St, London WC1B 3LS

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PERSONNEL ASSISTANT

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Application forms may be obtained from Cyril Elliman, Personnel Department, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ. Tel: 01-387 3601.

Closing date for return of completed application forms 28 Feb. 1978.

MUSICIANS' UNION requires Administrative Officer responsible for a range of duties including administering secondary use payments and liaising with the recording and broadcasting industries. Write for application form to: Musicians' Union, 29 Catherine Place, London SW1E 6EH.

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Applications, including career details and proposals for future work should be sent to:
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RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

Applications are invited for a one-year Research Fellowship to be concerned with governmental cultural policy with regard to film. The post will be based at Goldsmiths' College, University of London.

The salary will be £4,073.

Applications should be received not later than 24 February, 1978, and further particulars may be obtained from the **Educational Advisory Service, British Film Institute, 127 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0EA.**

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A Senior Research Officer is required in the Institute. The duties will principally be to assist in a study of the relations between public sector organisations, their suppliers and the relevant government agencies, in the transport field. An important element will be international comparisons in Western Europe. A good knowledge of French or German is essential. Competence in analysis of marketing and organisational structure will be an advantage.

The appointment will be for 18 months. The salary will be in the range £3,800 - £4,400 a year including London Allowance.

Applications should be made to:

Professor M. E. Beesley,
Director,
Institute for Public Sector Management,
London Business School,
Sussex Place,
Regent's Park,
London NW1 4SA.

London Weekend Television

is looking for two suitable candidates to start work in the Autumn as

Trainee Researchers

Those appointed will be given the opportunity to familiarise themselves with all aspects of television. After the successful completion of their training they will be assigned to research posts in the Features and Current Affairs Departments.

The successful candidates are likely to be (but are not necessarily) in their early twenties. They will probably have proven academic ability. They will already have demonstrated some originality in journalism or the arts and they must appear to have the potential in the long term to rise to senior creative positions in television.

Applications, accompanied by a typewritten curriculum vitae, should be sent to:

Department TR,
London Weekend Television,
Kent House,
Upper Ground,
London SE1 9LT.

The envelopes must be clearly marked 'TRAINEES' in top left hand corner, and all applications must be received by **27 February 1978.**

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

DEPUTY PROGRAMME OFFICER

The Deputy Programme Officer assists in the programming work of the N.F.T. and in particular is responsible for co-ordinating contributions to, and editing, the N.F.T. programme booklet. Candidates should have a comprehensive knowledge of world cinema and writing ability, and be capable of working within deadlines under consistent pressure. Some foreign travel may be necessary. Working knowledge of French and other languages would be useful.

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Application form and further information from:

Personnel Dept., British Film Institute, 127 Charing Cross Road, WC2H 0EA. 01-437 4355. Closing date 24 February 1978.

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This post will be of interest to recently qualified graduates in the social services or related disciplines who wish to make a career in the trade union movement.

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Further details and application form can be obtained from:

APEX

A P E X,
General Secretary,
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and must be submitted by 25 February 1978.

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3 days Beach Hotel near Sounion
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87 Regent Street, London W1R 8LS.
Telephone: 01-734 7971/3
ABTA ATOL 781B

Courses— see also page 204

Dartington

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Colette King, Theatre Department (NS)
Dartington College of Arts, Totnes, Devon TQ9 6EJ.

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Continued from p. 202

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 95 No. 2447

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Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. Congreve's 'The Way of the World', 'The Comedy of Errors', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The *Warehouse*, *Donmar Theatre* in Charles Wood's 'Dingo', Barrie Keeffe's 'Frozen Assets' (unsuitable for children), 'Macbeth' (sold out), and at Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichol's 'Privates on Parade'.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Plough & the Stars', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'The Guardsman', 'The Lady from Maxim's', 'Love Letters on Blue Paper'. See daily press *for dates & times or ring recorded information:* 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. 'Laughter' by Peter Barnes. Mon.-Fri. 8 p.m. Sats 5 & 8.30 p.m. Last week.

THEATRE AT NEW END (Hampstead tube) 794 0238. 'Exploration' from the writings of Wallace Stevens. 6-18 Feb. 10.30 p.m.

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Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 14 Feb. 'Ideology and Literature' by Professor J. P. Stern; 16 Feb. 'Life with the Switch: 150 Years of Electrical Engineering' by Professor A. L. Cullen.

MORNING STAR BIRTHDAY RALLY. Sun. 26 February 2.45 p.m. Royal Festival Hall, London. Speakers: Doug Grieve, Gen. Sec. Tobacco Workers; John Maynard MP, Brightside, Sheffield; Gordon McLennan, Gen. Sec. Communist Party; Tony Chater, Editor Morning Star. Entertainment Mayibuye and Ian Campbell Folk Group. Tickets £1 reserved, 65p unreserved from: MS Rally, 75 Farringdon Rd, London EC1M 3JX. Creche available.

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Applications should be sent to Museum Interface, National Heritage, 8 Queen's Ride, London SW13 0JB.

'WHY ZIONISM is the main obstacle to Peace in the Middle East'. Hear Mick Ashley (Brighton). Chairman Norman Temple, Sunday 12 February, 2 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London. BAZO. Entry free. Also Sunday 26 February: 'Zionist Oppressions of Oriental Jews in Israel'. Tickets (free) from BAZO, c/o 58 Old Brompton Rd, London SW7.

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY, 57 Eton Ave, NW3. Tuesday 14 February 8.15 p.m. Lecture Course continuing: Mr Hyam Maccobi MA, 'Jesus as a Messianic Figure'.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Sq., London SW1. Sat. 11 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 14 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 15 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Tibetan Buddhism & Theravada Buddhism, two study classes. All welc. Send s.a.e. for full prog.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 12 Feb. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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Tuesday, February 14	6 p.m.	Basil Bunting. The distinguished Northern Poet, friend of Yeats and Pound and author of *Briggflats*, introduces and reads Wordsworth.
	8 p.m.	**Valentine's Evening** with Spike Milligan, Christopher Logue, and Brian Patten.
Wednesday, February 15	8 p.m.	A Brecht evening: Poems and Songs. With Janet Suzman, Bettina Jonic and Edward Bond. Direction: Gareth Morgan.
Thursday, February 16	6 p.m.	Ronald Blythe, author of *Akenfield* and editor of the new Penguin Hardy, reads a selection of Hardy's verse and prose.
	8 p.m.	Ted Hughes reads Ted Hughes.
Friday, February 17	8 p.m.	'In Grasmere Vale': A dramatic compilation, including extracts from the newly-discovered private letters of William and Mary Wordsworth. With Gemma Jones, Jonathan Price and Albion Dance Band. Directed by Michael Bogdanov.
Saturday, February 18	5.30 p.m.	Concert: The Wilko Johnson Band Iron Fist and the Hordes from Hell The Count Bishops Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves

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Courses—see also p. 202

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